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MAN;

OR,

THE OLD AND NEW PHILOSOPHY:

BEING

NOTES AND FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS,
WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO RECENT WRITERS
ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

BY

THE REV. B. W. SAVILE, M.A.
AUTHOR OF
"REVELATION AND SCIENCE."

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."
TERENCE.

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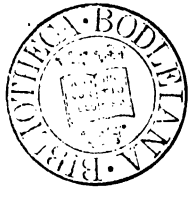

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PREFACE.

We live at a time which has been variously characterized as the iron, or a progressive, or an investigating age. Railways, and our mail-clad navy, the many *ologies* of the day, together with the curiosity of human nature in general, and of the present generation in particular, afford undeniable proof of this fact.

The most interesting, and at the same time the most instructive *ology*, which the ingenuity

of man has yet discovered, is that which is commonly known as the "Development Theory." By this wondrous specimen of Science and Art Bishop Colenso has twisted Moses, the great Lawgiver of the Jews, into a German myth—Cardinal Wiseman has shown that there is no difference between the colours *White* and *Black* if it so please "the Hierarchical Church,"—Dr. Newman has proved how naturally Primitive Christianity has been transmuted into Roman Idiosyncrasies.

But the most charming results of this "Development Theory" are to be seen in respect to the now-admitted genealogy of our illustrious selves, though the *savants* of the present day are not quite agreed with the ancient Philosophers as to the *exact* starting point of the Origin of Man. If Lepidus, the Roman Triumvir, appears to advocate a *mineral* origin, when maintaining that the scaly monsters of the Nile were created by

the action of the sun * upon that muddy stream, and the learned author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," has most logically proved that his brains once belonged to a fish; on the other hand, the most distinguished advocate of the "Origin of Species," the famous Dr. Darwin, jun., gives the preference to the *vegetable* World, and selects the primeval fungus as our veritable and venerable grandpapa.

Last, but not least, Professor Huxley has succeeded in proving, by an all but perfect chain of evidence (only *one* link being missing), that our progenitors sprung neither from a *mineral* nor a *vegetable* origin—that they were formerly not crocodiles but monkeys, and that Man could claim no higher title than

* When Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelburg, by means of his chemical researches, detected *iron* in the constitution of the sun, a worthy farmer of Silesia wrote to thank him for the discovery, as it quite confirmed the opinion which he had long entertained of the uselessness of manuring the fields, since the earth obtained the necessary alkalies from *the iron in the sunbeam.*

that of being an "improved ape." We must accept the epithet *improved* with some reserve, for the learned Professor, in his last and greatest work on the subject, "The Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," has shown, by a rigid mode of analysis, and by a felicity of reasoning which must surely carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind, that the Ape, whether under the form of the Gibbon, the Orang, the Chimpanzee, or the Gorilla, has been recognized as "nothing but a very hairy woman of rather comely aspect, and with proportions and feet wholly human," p. 8; "as an animal of a peculiar species, which is proved *in the clearest manner* by the organs of voice," p. 15; that voice, according to the testimony of "Mr. Waterhouse, an accomplished musician, being more powerful than that of any singer (such as Jenny Lind or Adelina Patti) ever heard," p. 27,—though at times their vocal powers degenerate into tones less dulcet than those of our great

operatic singers, being described as resembling "a loud pumping grunt," p. 38. A lady Ape, who lately visited this country, has proved herself an acrobat of the highest order, equal to either Blondin or Leotard. "It is impossible," observes Mr. Martin, "to convey in words an idea of the quickness and graceful address of her movements: they may be termed aerial (like those of Mlle. Taglioni), as she seems merely to touch in her progress the branches among which she exhibits her evolutions," p. 29. An anecdote related at p. 31, proves their fine reasoning powers, and their capability of attaining high honours amongst the most distinguished thieves of this or any other nation, should the Government in its wisdom think fit to throw our prison doors open to competitive examination, as being in accordance with one of the requirements of the age.

In their matrimonial arrangements "the man-like Apes" adopt the customs of the

Mormons in America, as indeed one species of the *Simian* tribe is so named. They are great "Idolaters" as well as Polygamists, and when travelling they resemble a Turkish Pasha accompanied by his Haréem, *i.e.* the happy possessor of many tails. A worthy Missionary, who rejoices in the appropriate name of the Rev. Dr. Savage, was so captivated by the domestic habits of his natural cousins, that he could not resist attempting a picture of a family group, which he has drawn as follows:—"It is not unusual to see the *old folks* sitting under a tree regaling themselves with fruit and *friendly chat*, while their children are leaping around them, and swinging from tree to tree with boisterous merriment." p. 43.

Such is the account which Professor Huxley gives in Chapter I—"On the Natural History of the Man-like Apes." And it is to this all-absorbing subject, "the question of questions for mankind—the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply

interesting than any other,"* according to the Huxleyan dogma—that we now invite the attention of our readers in the work which we have the honour of setting before them under the title of "MAN; OR THE OLD AND NEW PHILOSOPHY."

Having discussed at some length the ample evidence of Man's very ancient lineage, and the far distant root from which he originally sprung, according to the theory of our Western Magi, we have endeavoured to view him under various titles, such as a Pyrrhonist, a Necromancer, an Allegorist, an Orator, and as Homo *Barbatus*, in preference to the term

* Professor Huxley omits to notice the chronological bearing of this "question of questions," viz. the exact time when "the Man-like Apes" parted with their tails. We shall have occasion to notice in our work the popular opinion in *Ireland* respecting the retention of the caudal appendage down to a very recent period, and the illustrious author of "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," implies that a similar opinion was entertained in *Scotland* as late as that interesting episode in her history commonly known as "the affair of '45;" for he represents a Highlander, on seeing his chief without his accustomed appendage, exclaiming in sorrow, "*Why, he has come without his tail!*"

which the great Naturalist Linnæus uses when describing one of his ancestors as Homo *Caudatus*.

Finally, having given so much attention to the *Beginning of Man*, we have thought it advisable to devote a Chapter exclusively to the consideration of his *End;* concerning which we can cheerfully adopt the old Roman maxim, and say

"De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum."

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MAN;

OR,

THE OLD AND NEW PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

The Origin of Man.

One of the most marvellous works which has charmed and instructed the present age is Darwin's "Origin of Species." There is something so naturally attractive in the very ancient ancestry chalked out for the human race by that distinguished *savant*, that nothing less than the power of Babbage's Calculating Machine, we imagine, could estimate the time which must have been consumed, and the unlimited number of metempsychoses which must have taken place, before Nature could

have produced the finest specimen of the *genus homo* in a veritable John Bull.

It is recorded of Sydney Smith that he used to try the effect of pulpit eloquence, when endeavouring to excite the philanthropic nerves of his people, by assuring them that "John Bull was always famed for the love of his *species*," until the smallness of the contributions convinced him of the ill success of his appeals, when he contented himself by calmly admitting that he had introduced a letter too much, and that he should have said "his *specie*" instead.

Very admirable was the reply which our present Ambassador to the *United* (?) States of America made to a fair dame of *haut-ton* who sought to expose his pretensions to antiquity, by the question, "Pray, my Lord, are you at all related to the old Lyons family of Norfolk?" "I am afraid not, Madame," calmly replied the ready diplomatist; "I can only claim the honour of being descended from the *lions* in the den with the Prophet Daniel."

Mais revenons à nos moutons. When the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" hatched a scheme about fifteen years ago, which created something of a sensation on account of its assumed originality, and in which he contended that the immediate ancestor of Adam was a *chimpanzee*, and his remote ancestor a *maggot*, he had scarcely arrived at the half-way house backwards in tracing to its source the real *origin of Man*. The witty Poet who tuned his lyre in the following strains—

> "If a man who 'Turnips' cries,
> Cries not when his Father dies,
> 'Tis a proof that he would rather
> Have a turnip for his Father"—

approximated nearer the source of *Man's origin* than he who could trace it no further back than to a maggot, inasmuch as the *vegetable* world is certainly more ancient than the *animal*, according to the most recent geological discoveries; and though we may

reasonably suppose that turnips can breed maggots, we very much doubt the reverse.

However true, therefore, the theory that man is only an "improved vegetable," we must carry our thoughts infinitely higher, through those obliterated fossil ages of which Geology knows nothing and Earth has retained no record, before we arrive at the primeval *fungus* and its grandpapa *humus*, where, according to the theory of Darwin, the root and origin of that noble biped man is to be found. But in order that we may not fail to do him justice, we adopt the course which King Agrippa pursued towards the Apostle Paul, by allowing him to speak *in ipsissimis verbis*. "If my theory be true," he observes, in his masterly work "On the Origin of Species," "it is indisputable that before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited, long periods elapsed,—as long as, or probably far longer than, the Silurian age to the present day; and that, during these vast, yet quite unknown periods of time, the world swarmed

with living creatures. . . . . I believe that animals have descended from at most four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy would lead me a step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. But Analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common, in their chemical composition, their germinal vescicles, their cellular structure, and their *laws of growth and reproduction.* We see this even in so trifling a circumstance as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or, that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak-tree. Therefore, I should infer from analogy that probably *all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form* into which life was first breathed by the Creator."*

Some of the most famous amongst the

* Darwin's "Origin of Species," pp. 307, 484.

ancients appear to have held a different opinion from that of the above Oracle respecting the *origin of Man.* Thus Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates a quotation from Homer antagonistic to the Darwinian theory, as follows:—"I too, O best of men, have relatives; for to make use of that saying of Homer, '*I am not sprung from an oak, nor from a rock, but from men;*' so that, O Athenians, I likewise have relatives and three sons."* These worthies, however, must have lived in very dark times as compared with the present enlightened age; even though "an acknowledged authority" of the present century, the lively Canon of St. Paul's, used to declare "that the weakest and most absurd arguments ever used against religion have been the attempts to compare brutes with men."†

Professor Huxley,‡ the most distinguished

* "The Apology of Socrates," § 3.

† "Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy," Lecture xviii.

‡ The "Edinburgh Review" remarks upon the mission of this learned Professor as follows:—"That man should be abso-

of Darwin's disciples, in his recent "Lectures to Working Men," explains the "Law of Reproduction," which is the gist of this important theory, in the following manner. He tells us that "the Abbé Spallanzani, who made a number of experiments upon snails and salamanders, found that they might be mutilated to an incredible extent; that you might cut off the jaw or *the greater part of the head,* or the leg or the tail, and repeat the experiment several times, perhaps cutting off the same member again and again; and yet each of those types would be reproduced according to the primitive type; nature making no mistake, never putting on a fresh kind of leg or tail, but always tending to repeat and to return to the primitive type." This enables

lutely identical, both in his physical structure and the physiological results of structural organization with the beasts of the field—that his direct ancestor should have been like the howling brute of the Gaboon, and his collateral relation another and more degraded Bornean form—is the great doctrine of which Professor Huxley, in England, is the chief apostle."—E. R., April, 1863; p. 546.

us to understand a remarkable fact related by Miss Pardoe, in the "City of the Magyar," where she mentions that in a museum of curiosities in Hungary, belonging to Prince Grassalkovich, *two skulls* are shown of different sizes, which the parish priest assures the visitors *belong to one and the same person.* "This," says he of the first, "is the skull of the celebrated rebel Ragotzi;" and of the second, "That is the skull of the same Ragotzi *when he was a boy.*" Darwin's profound theory of reproduction is the best mode of satisfactorily accounting for this singular phenomenon.*

The "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandists

* There is another way of accounting for this phenomenon upon Darwinian principles, and we must leave it to our readers to decide which is the more probable of the two Nordman, a distinguished naturalist, discovered in the gills of the bleak a remarkable double animalcule (*Diplozoon paradoxum*), having a cross-shaped form *with two heads and two tails.* This species would, by "natural selection," in the course of ages produce a race of beings who possessed "two skulls" like the rebel Ragotzi, as well as "tails" which were attached to the caudal extremity of the human race up to a certain period in the history of man, as we shall have occasion to prove in the course of this chapter.

record another instance in confirmation of Professor Huxley's opinion that decapitation and loss of life are not necessarily synonymous, as the world in its ignorance hath hitherto supposed them to be. A respectable Irishman, one Beonanus, having had his head cut off in a brawl between two chieftains, during the Middle Ages, his poor wife, finding the headless body of her husband on the battle-field, besought the assistance of her patron saint Ida, who graciously caused the head to fly through the air (the record omits to say whence it came), and adhere to the trunk of Beonanus, who, about an hour after this interesting occurrence, arose from his recumbent posture, saluted the saint, and was subsequently the father of a fine boy by his previously sterile wife, which said boy was appropriately christened Pulcherius, and in due time became Abbot of Liathmore, in King's County, Ireland.*

It must be naturally supposed that the changes in the transmutation of species from

* "Acta Sanctorum." Vol. I., p. 68. Louvain, 1645.

the odoriferous fungus up to the *genus homo* are somewhat numerous; and it is interesting to know the process by which one change at least has been effected by the metempsychosis of a terrestrial animal into a marine monster. Our Darwin therefore very fairly argues that, as in North America bears are seen swimming on the surface of the water with their mouths open catching insects, there can be no difficulty in supposing these bears may become by "natural selection" more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, *until a creature is produced as large as a whale.**

The illustrious Pope Boniface VIII., of whom history records so many strange tales, presents in his own person a very satisfactory proof of descent from the *Quadrumana Mammalia*, in addition to an intimate connection with marine monsters, for it was generally said of him after his departure that "he came in like *a fox*, reigned like *a lion*, and died like

* "Origin of Species," pp. 183, 184.

a dog." This interesting genealogy gave rise, we presume, to the Italian proverb, *Chi bestia va a Roma bestia ritorna.*

Another of that distinguished line of Sovereigns which combines the double order of *Primates* and *Feræ* in a way to which no other royal race has any pretensions, judging from the Apocalyptic description of a certain fair lady in scarlet mounted on a wild beast with seven heads, resembled his great predecessor so far as transmutation goes, only instead of passing from the quadruped to the biped, he appears to have adopted directly the reverse. Platina, the celebrated Roman Catholic historian, relates that "Pope Benedict IX. appeared to one after his death *in the form of a bear, and with the tail of an ass;* saying, 'because I lived like a beast, without either law or reason, therefore at the command of God and St. Peter, whose seat I have defiled, *I resemble now a beast rather than a man.*'"

It must not, however, be imagined that our Darwin is the actual originator of this charm-

ing mode of accounting for the existence of the human species in its present condition, as an ancestor of his own mentions having been acquainted with a philosopher "who thinks it not impossible that the first *insects* were the anthers or stigmas of flowers, which had *by some means* loosed themselves from their parent plant, and that many other insects have gradually, in long process of time, been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure their food, or to secure themselves from injury."*

A more notable man, as some consider, than either of the Darwins Senior or Junior, has propounded the same brilliant idea respecting the true *origin of Man*, with a felicity of reasoning and quaintness of illustration that must carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The eminent statesman, George Canning, Author of the "Loves of the Triangles," has very convincingly decided this

* Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden." Add. Note xxxix.

vexata quæstio. Before, however, giving the matured opinion of such an "acknowledged authority" respecting *Man's origin*, as this triangular Poem contains one of the happiest of Canning's sketches, together with the original picture of the celebrated John Horner, Jun., Esq., so well known in nursery song, we cannot refrain from quoting it here. Dr. Darwin, Sen., had devoted some very elaborate lines to a description of the cotton machinery invented by Sir Richard Arkwright; Canning retaliated by delineating that useful kitchen machine known as a *smoke-jack*:—

"Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair Trochais from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark:
Mark, with quick ken, where, flashing in between,
Her much-loved SMOKE JACK glimmers through the scene;
Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose—in one object end;
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the polished axes glow,
While slowly circumvolves the piece of beef below:

The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.
So youthful Horner rolled the roguish eye,
Call'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
And cried in self-applause—'How good a boy am I!'"

The great statesman thus speaks in his masterly conception of the plan of *Man's origin*:—"We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single point; we may conceive this primeval point or *punctum saliens* of the Universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right line *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired; after which, the right line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an area of infinite extent. This area, as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend according as its specific gravity would determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with vacuum, and capable of containing the present universe. Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable nidus or

receptacle for the accumulation of chaotic matter, an immense deposit of it would be gradually accumulated; after which, the filament of fire being produced in the chaotic mass by an idiosyncracy or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place, suns would be shot from the central chaos, planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things the filament of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which in proportion to their bulk expose the greatest surface to light and heat. This filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to ramify, and its ovaparous offspring would diversify their former habits, so as to accommodate themselves to their various *incunabula*, which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first efforts of Nature terminated in the production of vegetables, and that these being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with

wings and feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aërial or terrestrial existence, and thus, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, became men. These in time would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet, and *their tails would gradually rub off* by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent *language* and the use of *fire*, with the present and hitherto imperfect system of society."*

This admirable explanation on the part of an "acknowledged authority," agrees with the theory of Hugh Miller, who, in his valuable "Treatise on the Old Red Sandstone," suggests the idea of the descendants of the Orang-Outang being employed in some future age writing learned treatises on Geology, and describing the remains of the Quadrumana as belonging to a distinct order. He supposes likewise Lamarck bearing home

* "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," p. 128.

in triumph the skeleton of some huge Salamander of the Seas, and indulging in the pleasing belief that he possessed his grandpapa's bones.

Time may accomplish this much-desired end. But at present the acquisition and preservation of such *old bones* resembles too closely the proverb respecting "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" to afford much hope of its speedy accomplishment. We have heard of a well-known collector of mammalian fossils suffering from one of these *impedimenta malorum* in rather a singular way. He had left his *old bones* in a closet during removal to another house. On sending for his coveted treasure, alas! it proved a clear case of *non est inventus*. On further inquiry it was discovered that a conscientious sweep had removed these osseous fossils. On being accused of robbery, Master Sweep indignantly repudiated the accusation, and claimed credit for having done a Christian deed. "Muster Sur," quoth he of the chimney, "I skorns

your imputation. Them bones was *humane*, and in coorse desarved Christun berrell. I chucked em in-*too* a Christun grave as was a bein' dug for a good old 'ooman. So, Muster Sur, Meedston Churchyeard contains your *curiositees*, as you call 'em, and if you wants 'em, go to the churchwarden, or to the parson hiss-self."

We trust that the Maidstone parson had sufficient strength to resist the unlawful attempt, which was doubtless made, to reclaim these handsomely buried bones, as they will thereby afford a fine field for speculation to the Lyells of a future age, whenever they may be again brought to light; especially as the example of another parson affords an excellent guide of the right course to pursue. When some vagrant resurrectionists were attempting to unsettle the minds of people by their fancied speculations underground, the Vicar of Kendal (A.D. 1785) thus opposed them in a "Plain Address," which he published for the good of the world in general, and for

his own flock in particular. "What is it to us," asked the worthy cleric, "that there be 4,000,000 tadpoles in a single drop of vinegar? God has wisely hidden them from our sight. I grant ye a drop may be an ocean to such tiny inhabitants, but when one comes ashore it will be time enough to study his shape."

Mr. T. Hawkins, in his "Book of the Great Sea Dragons," relates a similar and most characteristic story concerning the discovery of a huge Plesiosaurian fossil. Two quarrymen at Street had turned over a great slab, in which some old bones lay embedded, enough being exposed to make them curious to see the remainder.

"I wonder what 'tes," says one.

"Oh, a viery dragern a-maa-be," replies his fellow.

"One that stinged Moses* a-maa-be, ha."

* Bishop Colenso will perhaps object to this evidence of the genuineness of the Pentateuch in some future edition of his "Critical Examination."

"Here's at un." A tremendous blow with the mallet.

"How he do zound. I wonder if the stwoone be holler." Another blow.

"'Tes vire-stwoone—vire-stwoone is terrible hard; het un agean, Jack."

"Oh, my Triatarsostinus! broke in half."

"There's hes baak-bwoone."

"An ther's hes ribs."

"Have yer got a head?" A blow follows this question that breaks the head and neck—or rather the slab, as the skeleton was buried in the centre of the stone—to eleven pieces.

"No; noòe bet o'a hed—noo zine o'one o' hes iys."

"Dosten het un in the right pleaze?"

"Hang the twood!" Another blow, which separates the tail part.

"What ell Measter Hoakins say?"

"Oh, we can tell un that we didn't know what 'twere, and wanted to zee a bit."

"And so," says Mr. Hawkins, "they reduced the fine flagstone to nearly thirty piti-

ful pieces, and stabbed the bones as a Spanish matadore does a bull—all over!"

Let us not, however, conclude that all quarrymen possess the bump of destructiveness in similar proportions with the above worthies; or at all events we may fairly apply the useful adage here that "there is no rule without an exception." For we gladly quote the testimony of one of this class concerning a scientific matter of much importance. Our readers may recollect a subject which was fully discussed in the public journals last summer, respecting the possibility of *dead* coal giving birth to *live* frogs, which interesting event was said to have occurred at the International Exhibition of 1862. A writer in the *Times* took occasion to assure the public in general, and the unbelieving sceptics in particular, "on the authority of Mr. Timothy Gosling, a highly respectable quarryman, and accurate observer of nature, whom he had known intimately during the last thirty years, who was employed on the 1st of April a few

years ago in blasting the rock which occurs near Birmingham, and is known as the Rowley Rag, that a shot fired before noon brought down several large fragments of rock, and on breaking one of these with a sledge-hammer a toad suddenly appeared, which Mr. Gosling was satisfied had been entombed in the solid stone, and liberated by the blow of the hammer." Thanks to this intelligent quarryman, the knotty question may now be considered as settled. *Roma locuta causa finita!*

We have, however, somewhat digressed from the consideration of Canning's masterly theory, by which man has relieved himself of his caudal appendage so becoming to the peacock and monkey alike. His idea, however, can scarcely be deemed original in its entirety, as he evidently stole it from the famous Lord Monboddo, whom Dr. Johnson, in the middle of the last century, described in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, as a "Scotch judge who has lately written *a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to*

men, and says that in some countries the human species have *tails like other beasts.*"*

We find a contemporary of the great lexicographer relating a singular story in confirmation of the Monboddo theory. "According to common report," says Mr. Grose, "there are *in Ireland* a few remaining descendants *of the people with tails.*† To one of them (an old woman), John Cockle, Esq., offered a handsome sum of money for an ocular proof of this phenomenon, and, on her refusal, attempted to satisfy his curiosity by force; a scuffle ensued, the old woman cried out, and brought two sturdy fellows (her grandsons) to her assistance, who beat him most cruelly, and to complete his misfortune, laid an indictment against him for an assault, with an attempt to commit violence on their grandmother; and it was not without a considerable expense and

*Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Vol. IV., p. 73.

† A lady has informed us that she well recollects, when young, seeing an old map, which allotted a certain portion of the globe to "tailed men," who were believed to reside there.

great trouble that the matter was accommodated."*

A northern poet of the present day has very happily shown in song that, admitting, as a distinguished reviewer has lately contended, "the acknowledged authority of Mr. Darwin's masterly theory on the *Origin of Species* by the law of natural selection,"† he is after all only *Monboddo redivivus*.

"'Tis strange how men and things revive,
Though laid beneath the sod, O!
I sometimes think I see alive
Our good old friend Monboddo!
His views, when forth at first they came,
Appeared a little odd, O!
But now we've notions much the same,
We're back to old Monboddo!

"The rise of Man he loved to trace,
Up to the very pod, O!
And in Baboon's own parent race,
Was found by old Monboddo!

* Essays by Francis Grose, Esq., F. R. S. Essay v., p. 19.
† "Essays and Reviews," p. 139.

Their A B C he made them speak,
Then learn their Qui, quæ, quod, O!
Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek,
They knew as well's Monboddo!

"The thought that Men had once had tails,
Caused many a grin full broad, O!
And why in us that feature fails?
Was asked of old Monboddo!
He showed that sitting on the rump,
While at our work, we plod, O!
Would wear th' appendage to the stump
As close as in Monboddo!

"Though Darwin may proclaim the law,
And spread it far abroad, O!
The man that first the secret saw,
Was honest old Monboddo!
Some folks should have their tails restored,
And thereon feel the rod, O!
For having thus the fame ignored,
That's due to old Monboddo."

We are not, however, quite prepared to admit that "old Monboddo" did in reality *first* discover the secret of *Man's origin*. For he appears to have had a precursor in this field of scientific investigation, who, about a

hundred years earlier, had detected with singular ability one species of transmigration in the shape of a mollusc becoming a bird. The *Pentalasmus anatifera, i. e.* "the five-plaited goose-bearer," as the learned have justly termed it, is traced by an old writer named Gerard, who lived in the seventeenth century, to the Barnicle-goose, *Barnicla leucopsis*, which he boldly affirmed was from the ship barnacle. His own account of the process of transmutation is thus quaintly expressed:—"What our eyes have seen and hands have touched, we shall declare. There is a small island off Lancashire called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and rotten trees, cast thither by shipwracke; and also the trunks and bodies, with the branches, of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise; wherein is found a certain spume or froth, that in time breedeth into certain shells, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour; one end whereof is fastened into the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oysters and muskles,

the other end is made fast into the belly of a rude masse or lumpe, *which in time commeth to the shape and form of a bird.* When it is perfectly formed the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the aforesaid lace or string; next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it cometh to full maturitie, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers and groweth to a fowle."

We suggest the possibility of one of these strange birds offering a solution of the difficulty which has recently perplexed the Palæontological world. It appears that a collector of old bones, in Bavaria, had discovered on a slab of Solenhofen slate, which is known as belonging to the Upper Oolite system, the remains of an extraordinary creature, differing from all acknowledged birds, and yet having once clearly rejoiced in feathers. Whether fish, flesh, or fowl the *savants* do not appear at present to be quite

decided. One of them, who concluded it was a reptile and not a bird, proposed to name it *Griphosaurus*, from the Greek words signifying *Enigma* and *Lizard;* a sort of union, we suppose, between the Persian Griffin and the Egyptian Sphinx. Another, taking an entirely different view, considers the most appropriate name to be *Archæopteryx Lithographica*, which may be freely rendered *The Old Bird of the Rocky Mountains*, probably from Arabia Petræa. The upshot of it all is, that the British Museum, with the usual liberality of John Bull, purchased the said *old bones* for the goodly sum of £750; thus appraising them at about the same value as a healthy negro, sound in wind and limb, would have fetched before the uncivil war in the Dis-United States commenced; and proving thereby the close connexion between bird, beast, and man.

Mons. Maillet, an ingenious Frenchman of the time of Louis XV., appears to have rather improved upon the above theory, as we find

him writing about a century subsequent to the time of Gerard, to prove that the whole family of birds, including the Barnicle Goose, had once existed as *marine animals*, whether great or small, which, on being thrown on shore by the waves, had got feathers by accident; and that mankind are the descendants of a tribe of sea-monsters, who, getting tired of their proper element, crawled up the beach one fine morning, and taking a fancy to the land, either forgot or felt a disinclination to return.

This natural desire to advance in the scale of civilization from fish to man, is the reverse of the story told by the ancient Grecians respecting the sirens *Leucosia*, *Ligeia*, and *Parthenope*, when they failed to seduce Ulysses, who had advisedly stopped his ears with wax in order to resist their charms, as they are represented *returning from the land to the sea*, and passing from the *genus homo* to the tribe of fish. Possibly, these ladies were the genuine ancestresses of the order or

sub-class of mermaids, of whose existence there can be no doubt in the eyes of the most rigid sceptics, since they are frequently seen at our country fairs and wakes in the present day.

There is a legend current amongst the Australian aborigines in confirmation of this theory; viz. a return from a higher to a lower grade of civilization, from man to beast, which deserves notice. They relate that many years ago, a celebrated monster called *Kupirri*, who dwelt in those parts, was of such magnitude as to be able to swallow each and all who attacked him with spears, with the same facility that we can the smallest homœopathic dose which the ingenuity of man has discovered in order to gratify sickly palates in the present day. At length two expert hunters, Pilla and Idnya, were willing to attempt the conquest of the monster. Finding him asleep upon Mount Nilawo, they instantly commenced an attack, but their spears became blunted in a manner so

mysterious that they fell into a violent dispute over the beast. Pilla wounded his friend Idnya in several parts of his body with the blunted spear, receiving at the same time a cut across the nose from the wooden sling of his antagonist. Afterwards, making up their quarrel, they killed the *Kupirri*, and found several of their swallowed comrades in his belly. By their skill in medicine they were enabled to restore the unfortunate natives to life, who helped them to broil and eat the monster. Subsequently Pilla and Idnya became transformed into the *opossum* and *wild cat, which to this day bear the names and the marks of the wounds* they had given each other.*

We may safely conclude from the above specimens of the transmutation of species, that the Australian aborigines are a very intelligent race of beings; and may possibly have been the originators of a theory which

* See the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria," Vol. V., for a full account of this authentic instance of the Transmutation of Species.

has been recently imported into this country by theologians of the Colenso class, and palæontologists of the German school, viz: that Adam was by no means the first of the *genus homo* who occupied this earth. *E.g.* a tribe of these worthies called the *Boorung*, who inhabit the Mallee country, in the neighbourhood of Lake Tyrill, and pride themselves upon knowing more than their neighbours, say that the earth is a flat plain, and was formerly in a chaotic state of darkness, until a little bird named *Pupperimbul*, took an emu's egg, and ejected it into space. This egg was called *Gorvee*, the Sun, and has since given light to the world. The earth before this was inhabited by a race of beings called *Nurrumbunguttias*, or old spirits. *They resemble its present inhabitants*, and possessed some knowledge of fire, being, it is concluded, of rather an irascible nature. *They are said to have been translated to heaven before Adam and his descendants came into existence.**

* See the "Transactions of the Philosophical Institute of Victoria," Vol. II.

Notwithstanding the opinion entertained by all the distinguished rationalists of the German school,* respecting the position of Adam in the genealogy of the *genus homo*, it may be interesting to our readers to know that there were some famous writers in former days who clung with rigorous persistency to the now exploded idea that Adam was indeed the *first* man on earth made "after the image and likeness of God." We find an antiquarian of the last century, one Professor Johann Hübner of Hamburg (or as some irreverently would write it *Humbug*), so positive and precise on the matter in dispute, that he could assure his generation, as his work still extant testifies, that, "in the year of the Julian period 710, on October 23rd, at 3 P.M., Jehovah Elohim El-Shaddah created out of nothing the

* A writer of this school dates the birth of "Adam, Patriarch of the Hebrews," as he terms him, 2618 years *after* the time of Mizraim, the grandson of Noah, which computation would make Adam the contemporary of the Emperor Constantine according to biblical chronology. See M. Desner's "Chronologie des Rois d'Egypte," p. 316.

man Adam." It will be seen that the learned Professor alike discards the modern theory imported from Germany of a distinction between the Jehovist and Elohist in the compilation of Genesis, as well as recognizes the true *origin of man from nothing.* It is satisfactory, moreover, to know the exact time when this interesting event took place, Oct. 23rd, A. J. P. 710, 3 P.M. Strange to say, this very exact statement occurs only in the *first* edition of the work. For some cause it was omitted in all following editions, possibly on account of the author's uncertainty whether the clocks in Eden kept mean or railway time.

It is a continued source of lament among the *savants* of the present day that there is no sign of the *missing link*, even in a fossil state, between *Pithecus* and *Homo*, whether it be Adam or his first human grandpapa. We venture to think that we have discovered some notice of the said *missing link*, and if our find should prove true, we may fairly claim admission to the first class of discoverers,

such as Roger Bacon, Flavio Gioja, Laurentius Coster, Galileo, Isaac Newton, James Watt, and others who have adorned and benefited the human race. We ask their attention to the writings of one Sanconiatho, an ancient Phœnician historian, who flourished B.C. 1280, about three centuries after Moses, as we find this ancient speaking of certain animals which once existed on earth, and which he declares were formed from the "fermented watery substance or *Môt*, which was void of sensation (*anti-æsthetic*, we presume). From these were generated intelligent beings called *Zophasemin*, or star-gazers (ancestors of the Galileos and Herschels and Lord Rosses of modern times), and they were formed in the shape of an egg. These for some time lay in a dormant state, until they were drawn up by the heat of the sun into the air, where they were dashed against each other, thunder and lightning being the result; at which noise the beforementioned intelligent animals awoke (like Lord Byron in later days) and found themselves

famous, and began to move about by land and sea, male and female." Eusebius, to whom we are indebted for having preserved this valuable fragment of Sanconiatho, justly observes that "these things were found written in the Cosmogony of Thoth, and were drawn from his observations and the natural signs which by his penetration he perceived and discovered, and with which he has enlightened our minds."* We may now safely assume that intelligent *Motites* constitute the long sought for link between man and beast.

Recent intelligence from India has informed us of a fact which may possibly throw some farther light upon this interesting phase of the Darwinian theory. It appears that certain districts of Hindostan are possessed by a species of creatures unknown to European fame, one member of which is reported to have

* "Eusebius' Evangelical Preparation," Lib, I. c. 10. We commend the writings of Sanconiatho to the attention of Mr. Goodwyn, the author of the "Mosaic Cosmogony" in "Essays and Reviews."

appeared not long ago in the poetic regions of Cashmere. The head of this remarkable animal is *that of a man*, while the rest of his body more nearly resembles *that of a tiger*. This royal Bengalee is said to have destroyed many incautious travellers, and has hitherto eluded all attempts to catch him napping. A holy Brahmin, triply armed with sanctity, dirt, and a Roman sword, went boldly forth to encounter this perplexing hybrid; which being doubtless overpowered by the odoriferous effluvia exhaling from the person of his antagonist, gracefully subsided into nothing, and left the Brahmin, as the account says, "to chew the cud" of bitter reflection. Foiled for a moment, the sacred priest took up his post in a tree, to await the monster's return. Hours passed away, but there was no sign of "Sister Anne" a-coming. At length

"Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse,"

encircled her babe, and the doughty Brahmin departed for the land of Nod. The awakening

was rather a rude one; for when the Brahmin returned to consciousness, he discovered that he was *sans tête;* or, to speak with more philosophic precision, he never did recover his consciousness; his body was found the next day, and was carried off by his mourning friends—*a headless trunk!* We should carefully note the instructive lesson which this tale teaches us in Natural History; for the Brahmin is clearly represented, before decapitation had taken place, as "chewing the cud;" and must, therefore, though a *bimanous biped*, be classed amongst the ruminants, whatever Bishop Colenso, after pumping Professor Owen, may say to the contrary.

But as the wisest of mankind has taught that "there is nothing new under the sun," even so the many happy conjectures put forth by modern *savants* respecting the true *origin of Man* appear to be nearly allied to the doctrine of Metempsychosis as held by our ancestors. Ovid quotes one of the fakeer tribe detailing the process of his manifold transmu-

tations through various stages of animal, vegetable, and mineral life, in the following scientific manner:—"A second time was I formed. I have been a blue salmon, a dog, a stag, a roebuck on the mountain, a stock of a tree, a spade, an axe in the hand, a pin in a forceps for a year and a half, a cock variegated with white, a horse, a buck of yellow hue in the act of feeding. I have been a grain vegetating on a hill, where the reaper placed me in a smoky recess, that I might be compelled freely to yield my corn when subject to tribulation. I was received by a hen with red fangs, and remained nine nights an infant in her womb. I have been in Hades, returning to my former state. I have been an offering before the Sovereign. I have died. I have revived; and, conspicuous with my ivy branch, I have been a leader, and by my bounty I became poor."

There is some valuable teaching on the subject of the transmutation of the female to the male species of the *genus homo* to be seen in the "Needee Kyan," or Book of Burmese Ethics,

which some of the fairer sex at home might deign to remember. The 137th Maxim is as follows: "Should a woman *desire to be born a man in the course of transmigration*, she can only attain this by treating her husband, as *the angels' wives* treat their husbands, with love, respect, and attention." The 176th Maxim affirms that "the cow should be respected and appreciated, as she who nourishes man, and should therefore be considered as a mother."

In opposition, however, to this interesting and intelligent theory respecting the transmutation of species and the *origin of Man*, there are a few "acknowledged authorities" in the estimation of some, who, whether from envy or some other hidden cause, have resisted all rational progress in this particular department of science, and have thought fit to deny the conclusions at which their more notable compeers have so successfully arrived.

Thus Professor Owen, in his "Classification and Geographical Distribution of the Mam-

malia," observes that "Man is the sole species of his genus, the sole representative of his order and sub-class. And thus I trust has been furnished the confutation of the notion of the transformation of the ape into a man, which appears from a favourite old author to have been entertained by some in his day. 'Of a truth vile epicurism and sensuality will make the soul of man so degenerate and blind, that he will not only be content to slide into brutish immorality, but please himself in this very opinion, *that he is a real brute already, an ape or baboon, and that the best of men are no better*, saving that civilizing of them and industrious education has made them appear in a more refined shape, and long-inculcated precepts have been mistaken for cognate principles of honesty and natural knowledge.' "*

So the famous Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose name, according to common report, is "easier to whistle than to speak," observes in his "Address to the Geological

* Henry More's "Conjectura Cabalistica," p. 175.

Society of London"—"The gradation in form between man and other animals is but a slight and unimportant feature in contemplating *the great subject of Man's origin*. Even if we had not revelation to guide us, it would be most unphilosophical to attempt to trace the history of man, without taking into account the most remarkable facts in his nature; the facts of civilization, arts, government, speech; his traditions, his internal wants, his intellectual and religious constitution. If we will attempt such a retrospect, we must look at all these things as evidence of the origin and end of man's being; and when we do thus comprehend in one view the whole argument, it is impossible for us to arrive at an origin homogeneous with the present order of things. On this point the geologist may therefore be well content to close the volume of the earth's physical history, and open that divine record which has for its subject the moral and religious nature of man."

We may adduce the testimony of another

genuine philosopher in confirmation of the above opinions. "What!" exclaims Sydney Smith, at the conclusion of a lecture in which he discusses the faculties of beasts, both wild and tame, with infinite skill, "What have the shadow and mockery of faculties given to beasts to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? —have they any love of posthumous fame?— do their small degrees of faculties ever give them any feelings of this nature?—are their minds perpetually escaping into futurity?— have they any knowledge of God?—have they ever reached, in their conceptions, the slightest traces of an hereafter?—can they form the notion of duty and accountability?—is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the Deity to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not? It is no reason to say that, because they partake in the slightest degree of our nature, they are entitled to *all* the privileges of our nature. . . . . There may, perhaps, be

more of rashness and ill-fated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity and liberality; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music—that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear."*

In the desperate strife which has unhappily arisen respecting *Man's origin* between two

* "Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy," Lectures xvii and xviii.

distinguished "Doctors," Professors Owen and Huxley, whose opinions we have already given, while the former asserts that certain cerebral developments exist in the human race, which are wanting in the *genus simia*, the latter affirms that they are to be found in "every marmoset, American monkey, Old World monkey, baboon, or man-like ape."* We suggest, therefore, upon the theory of some ethnologists of the present day respecting the *origin of Man* being traceable to other than a single pair, that possibly Owen's ancestors can be traced no farther back than to Adam; while Huxley's, on the contrary, may be reckoned of more ancient lineage, being found amongst "the Old World monkeys, the baboons, or the man-like apes." To such lengths has this unhappy strife between these two eminent

* Professor Huxley divides his happy family of the first order, which he calls "Primates,"—(he omits to say whether he means *York* or *Canterbury*)—under seven heads, as follows:—1. Man. 2. Old World Apes. 3. New World Apes. 4. Marmosets. 5. Lemurs. 6. Flying Lemurs. 7. Aye-Ayes. See Jukes' "Manual of Geology."

palæontologists gone, that, if report speaks truly, it has been thought advisable to arrest them, in order to prevent any further breach of the peace. We take the following account from the public journals, without guaranteeing the authenticity of the statement, and possibly Bishop Colenso and other critical examiners of police records would raise some doubts respecting it:—

"Mansion House, April 23rd (? 1st), 1863.—Before the Lord Mayor.—*T. H. Huxley*, well known about the town in connexion with monkeys, and *Richard Owen*, in the old-bone and bird-stuffing line, were charged by Policeman X with causing a disturbance in the streets. The prisoners exchanged glances of such a character that it was thought prudent to keep them separated in the dock.

"*Policeman X* being sworn, stated as follows:—'My attention was called to the prisoners by a crowd of persons, who seemed much excited; they appeared to take sides, and some were for Owen and some for Huxley. On coming near, I saw Huxley snapping his fingers at Owen, and telling him he was only a little better than an ape; he seemed dreadful angry, and would have done Owen some bodily harm if I had not been near. He told Owen he had quite as much brains as he had, and he called Owen some awful names. Must I repeat the bad words, your worship?'

"*Lord Mayor.* 'Certainly, you *must* state what he said.'

"*Policeman X.* 'Well, your worship, Huxley called Owen a lying *Orthognathus Brachycephalic Bimanous Pithecus;* and Owen told him he was nothing else but a thorough *Archencephalic Primate.*'

"*Lord Mayor.* 'Are you sure you heard this awful language?'

"*Policeman X.* 'Yes, your worship, and some more I could not exactly understand.'

"*Lord Mayor.* 'Did you see any violence used?'

"*Policeman X.* 'Yes, your worship. Huxley had got a beast of a monkey, and he tried to make it tread on Owen's heels, and said 'twas his grandfather, and like him, and just the same breed, and all that.'

"*Lord Mayor.* 'Did you see the man Huxley actually put the monkey on the other prisoner?—was there no *interval* between them?'

"*Policeman X.* 'He put the beast so near as ever he could; he tried to make him go close, but he could not, and he kept singing out, 'Look at 'em, aren't they as like as peas?'

"*Lord Mayor.* 'Did Owen appear much annoyed by this outrage?'

"*Policeman X.* 'He behaved uncommon plucky, but never saw a man so mauled before. 'Twas the monkey that worrited him, and Huxley's crying out, 'There they are—bone for bone—tooth for tooth—foot for foot—and their brains one as good as t'other.'

"Here a scene of indescribable confusion occurred. Owen loudly contradicted Huxley; each tried to talk the other

down; and for a time nothing could be heard but intemperate language, mingled with shouts of '*Posterior Cornu, Hippocampus,*' *&c.*

"When order was restored, the *Lord Mayor* stated 'that in all his experience he had never witnessed such violent animosity among costermongers,'" &c.

The eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, appears from his recent work on the "Antiquity of Man," to have mixed himself up in this great dispute between the Palæontological Doctors; and, though he expresses himself with extreme caution, it is evident that his leaning is to the Huxleyan side of the question, thus confirming the opinion so long entertained by all "rationalists," that man is an "Ape-descended" creature. If it were permitted to joke upon such a serious subject, we might suppose that M. Mariette's recent discovery in Egypt of the *Apis-stelè* would be sufficient to convince all men, whether rationalists or irrationalists, of the close connection between *Pithecus* and *Homo*—between man and beast. When Sir Charles showed Professor Huxley a cast of the Neanderthal

skull, which had been exhibited at a German scientific meeting at Bonn, in 1857, and which elicited at the time many doubts from the inspecting naturalists whether it was truly human, the learned professor remarked at once "that it was the most *ape-like skull* he had ever beheld."* Perfectly agreeing with this intelligent opinion, and having it confirmed by a personal inspection of the caput of an historic monkey who was captured on the walls of Delhi, and which now adorns the Ipswich Museum, we may come to this conclusion respecting ownership, not as certain of our *savants* have done in attributing it to some

> "Fine old English Gentleman,
> All of the olden time,"—

but rather to some singularly intelligent *ape* of the *Chimpanzee* species, who was gifted with rather more brains than his contemporaries, and whose skull had received a fuller development thereby. We have read of

* Lyell, "On the Antiquity of Man," p. 79.

another skull found in the catacombs at Rome, whose history may possibly afford us some light on the one we are now considering. The Roman skull is believed to have belonged originally to an early Christian martyr, and all doubts on the subject were at once dispelled by the fact that the skull is said to have rewarded its discoverer by relating in an audible manner, *the name, the age, and the cause of its owner's death.** Now let us suppose a similar miracle in the case of the Neanderthal skull, and that with a restored jaw (which is wanting in the original), it had been prompted to declare to the curious *savants* at Bonn its

* There are instances on record, not merely of dead skulls, but of stones, bricks, and mortar, gifted with the power of speech. Thus an inquisitive monk of Jerusalem, named John Damascene, who lived in the eighth century, wishing to know the truth of the story then current respecting the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, proposed to ask the *Virgin's Tomb* the important question as he himself relates:—"O tomb, of all holy sepulchres most holy, for *I will address thee as a living being*, where is the much-desired and much-beloved body of the mother of God?" The tomb, unable to resist the compliment, quietly replied, "Why seek ye her in a tomb who has been taken up on high to the heavenly tabernacles?"

antecedents, both of age and species, as well as its opinions on some of the prominent theories which at present divide the learned world.

Speech of the Neanderthal Skull.

"Gentlemen,—During my retirement, now extending over a course of many thousands of years, I have witnessed with extreme pleasure the wonderful progress of science in all its ramifications, and especially in that which relates to the human race. It is very evident that the 'Schoolmaster is indeed abroad,' and I indulge in the pleasing hope that his travels have not yet come to an end. Before any of you were born, I well recollect the interest which a distinguished Scotchman, called Lord Monboddo, excited, when he proclaimed with remarkable consistency the grand discovery that *men once possessed tails like apes*, which had in course of time disappeared through the necessities of their domestic institutions. The envious critics and reviewers of the day inflicted so often 'the forty stripes save one,' after the manner of the Jews, upon the propounder of this brilliant idea, that he was compelled to bow in silent grief to those literary tyrants; and the theory has been allowed to slumber quietly during the last hundred years, until revived, under happier auspices, and in more enlightened days, by yourselves, gentlemen, whom I have the honour to see around me. I welcome with supreme satisfaction the researches of the

learned German, Baron Bunsen, whose *muddy* theory respecting the bed of the Nile proves, too clearly to be gainsaid, that man was a denizen of that enlightened country several thousand years before Adam and Eve 'delved and span' outside the garden of Eden. I have read with increasing interest the works of those great divines Bishop Colenso and the authors of 'Essays and Reviews,' who assuredly surpass in wisdom the Seven Sages of Greece; and I recommend you to treat with merited scorn and contempt the envious feelings of their opponents, who basely assert that they have stuck in *the German mud*, and that their mental darkness is as great as that which spread over the land of Egypt when Pharaoh would not let Moses and his '*co-rebels*' depart in peace. I have been studying, with great attention, the charming opinions propounded in Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' supported as they have been by the investigations of Professor Huxley, and as it has been unfairly charged against him that he is a mere plagiarist of the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' in order to correct such an erroneous notion I would remind you that, whereas the latter can only trace man's origin up to a *maggot*, the former, by his superior power of analysis, and higher order of criticism, has succeeded in tracing him up to the older race of the vegetable world, and in proving his lineal descent from the loud-smelling *fungus*, a fact of great importance, which no one with adequate reasoning powers will now venture to deny. But, gentlemen, I must be permitted to add in parting, that if you wish to know my own private opinion respecting man being an *ape-descended animal*, I frankly avow myself incompetent to decide so

difficult a question. Remembering the oft-quoted lines of one of the poets, who justly says—

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,'

I would ask you to excuse me from giving judgment in so weighty a cause. For myself I will say this much, that although the actions of many of your race in the present day warrant the strongest suspicions of some mysterious relationship to certain animals, such as the *goose*, the *ass*, the *ape*, and the *bear*, I can only assure you that when I walked your earth it was as a very humble chimpanzee, and although I was the propagator of many little chimpanzees, I have no reason to think that they in their turn acted differently from their aged parent. Gentlemen, farewell,—

'Farewell!
A long farewell to all my greatness.'"

Notwithstanding the modesty of this illustrious chimpanzee, whose skull has adorned the cave of Neanderthal for so many ages before having been ruthlessly torn from its quiet resting-place by tomb-despoiling man—nothwithstanding the positive denial of Professor Owen, the inference of the Master of Trinity, and the witty conclusions of Sydney Smith—the weight of authority (if

lead in brains be duly valued) appears most clearly in favour of the *genus homo* having once been the same as the *genus simia;* and by advancing a step higher in the realms of sober theory, we may with equal certainty conclude that he is in reality nothing more than an "improved vegetable," of which the Vegetarian Society in the present day affords such healthy specimens. Or, if we desire to trace the real root of man still higher, we may conclude the order of transmutation and the *modus operandi* to have been somewhat as follows.

We must, however, premise that the true *origin of man*, on the genuine "starting point," is not given by any of the illustrious *savants* who reject the authority of the Mosaic record. Not one of them appears to have mounted higher in theory than the *punctum saliens*, or primeval point; but this must have had a *humus*, and the origin of the *humus* must have been, as an eminent Divine of the time of Charles II. once clearly proved, *Nonentity!!!*

On dit that the merrie monarch, wishing to test the ability of one of his chaplains, sent him notice, as he was mounting the pulpit, of the text from which he was expected to preach. The folded paper having been duly opened, the preacher only discovered a blank sheet, when with ready wit he seized the opportunity of rebuking the royal pleasantry, and of instructing the congregation at the same time, by exhibiting both sides of the blank sheet, and by addressing them in these words as a prelude to a most noble discourse: "My Brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing, and out of nothing God made the world." Thus in the course of about thirty transmutations, it may be fairly inferred that we pass from *nothing* to full-grown man:—

1. Nonentity.
2. Humus.
3. Punctum Saliens.
4. Chaotic Nidus.
5. Mother Earth.
6. *Mineral* Substance.
7. *Vegetable* Incunabula.
8. Seed in general.
9. Fungus in particular.
10. Turnip.
11. Bread-tree root.
12. Baobab, or Ape's Bread-tree fruit.

13. Man-drakes.
14. Floral Antennæ.
15. *Animal* Incunabula.
16. Infusoria.
17. Nautilus.
18. Marine monsters.
19. Amphibious animals.
20. Ship Barnacle.
21. Feathered Species.
22. Tailor Bird.*
23. Solan Goose.
24. Ornithornicus.
25. Mammalia.
26. Mermaids.
27. Quadrumana.
28. Old World Monkey.
29. Tailless Gorilla.
30. "His Portrait" MAN!

We invite particular attention to the 23rd individual in man's genealogical tree as given above. He is supposed to be the lineal ancestor of that famous King of Egypt, whom Manetho mentions as chief of the Twelfth Dynasty under the name of *Geese-on-Gooses*. The "Book of the Dead" likewise speaks of a certain Pharaoh *Sent*, whom Egyptologists interpret as King *Goose*. It must be

* It is said that nine of this species are required to make a complete man; and by a singular coincidence nine distinguished individuals have appeared in the course of ages, who deny the veracity of the Christian shasters; and, strange to say, the fatal number culminates in a Christian Bishop. They may be reckoned in the following chronological order: 1, Celsus. 2, Porphyry. 3, Spinoza. 4, Voltaire. 5, Volney. 6, Hume. 7, Gibbon. 8, Tom Paine. 9, Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal.

remembered, however, that some great men of both ancient and modern days deny this clearly-proved descent of man from geese, whether wild or tame. *E. g.* Shakspeare writes—

"What was the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?"
"That the soul of our grand-dam might haply inhabit a bird."
"What thinkest thou of this opinion?"
"I think nobly of the soul, and in no wise receive his opinion."

We suggest the probability of our ancestors having entertained the idea of their being descended from both beasts and birds, especially *Geese*, for this reason, that Julius Cæsar, on his arrival in these parts, particularly specifies the antipathy of the ancient Britishers to certain animal food. He observes that they "hold it unlawful to eat either hare or fowl or goose, though they breed these for amusement or pleasure."* Such abstinence can only be accounted for by supposing they were in dread of eating their ancestors. For, assuredly, they

* De Bell. Gall. Lib. v. § 10.

could not have known the delicious taste of a hunted hare, a Christmas turkey, or a Michaelmas goose, such as their less respectful descendants are periodically permitted to enjoy.

Having thus traced the true *origin of Man* up to Nonentity, we are enabled to mount up a few steps higher in the ascending scale than those philosophers who have modestly endeavoured, after the example of Moses, to confine his beginning to the dust of his Mother Earth. *Apropos* of this we have heard of a learned pedant, when invited to examine a village school, who was perfectly satisfied with the answer given by the boys one after another to his first question, "What was man made of?" "Dust and ashes"—"Dust and ashes" was the stereotyped reply which he received instanter. But he was somewhat taken aback with the answer to his next question, "And what was woman made of?" by the chorus of the class, conveyed in a similar manner to his wondering ears,—"Ribs of beef"—"Ribs of

beef!" (? man)!!! The children of that school being evidently well up in the theory of the transmutation of species, so far as the transition stage is concerned from the quadruped to the biped—from the patient ox to laborious man.

Hence we may rightly conclude, with the illustrious German philosopher, Teufelsdröck, that "Man is a tool-using animal, of which clothes are but one example. And surely if we consider the first wooden dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five and thirty miles an hour;* and they do it. He collects, apparently by lot, 658 miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us;* and they do it." *

* See Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Ch. v.

Could man, if a descendant of the *ape* or the *fungus*, do as much as this? Such is the grave question which our age is now called upon to decide.

Is it not the celebrated Pascal who has described the latter in the following felicitous style?—"What a chimera is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! The glory and scandal of the Universe!"

Has not our great cynical Poet delineated his character with deepest fidelity, in his memorable epitaph on a favourite dog, even though he exalted the quadruped at the expense of the biped?

"O man, thou feeble tenant of the hour!
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power!
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust.
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, and thy words deceit!"—*Byron.*

Lastly, has not our immortal bard portrayed him with equal truth, while he seemingly alludes to the relationship between Pithecus and Homo, which we have now conclusively shown must and does exist, however much prejudiced mortals may say to the contrary :—

"O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, *like an angry ape*,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal."

Shakspeare, "Measure for Measure."

So much for the ORIGIN OF MAN.

CHAPTER II.

Man as a Pyrrhonist.

WHETHER man originally sprung from what is familiarly termed, "his Mother Earth," or from a more ancient ancestry, viz., from "nothing," is immaterial. Indisputably he is a great fact, which may be safely left to speak for itself. As, however, the weight of evidence is decidedly in favour of the latter, confirmed as it is by the well-known shake of Lord Burghley's head, and "there's *nothing* in it," the progress of science in the present day naturally claims for man a far higher anti-

quity than the Jewish records are disposed to allow.

Moses, the oldest historian whose writings have come down to us, with the exception of some fragments of Hermes Trismegistus, and "the Proverbs of Aphobis,"* only allows him a period of about 6000 years for his sojourn below. As, however, this is confidently assumed to be too short a period for the requirements of science, we venture to suggest a solution of this difficult problem by which true philosophy and the Divine oracles may be brought into harmony with each other. It is well known that the most distinguished Pyrrhonists† of the present day have some diffi-

*From a papyrus of M. Prisse d'Avennes, translated in part by M. Chabas, and wholly by the Rev. D. Heath. As "the Proverbs" appear to have been written about the time of Joseph's death, they may be dated more than a century before the Exode. The fragments of Hermes Trismegistus are about six centuries older still.

†As Pyrrhonism has not yet become a conventional term, it is due to our unscientific readers to explain its meaning. Pyrrho was a distinguished Greek philosopher of the fourth century B.C., whose great principle was *to believe nothing and to doubt everything*. He bore the same relative proportion in

culty in deciding upon the exact time when the human race parted with their *tails*. Our last chapter clearly proved that once men had them, and in these degenerate days, with some rare exceptions, as in the case of a renowned demagogue from the Emerald Isle whose tail was said to have consisted of forty *joints* (some malignants used to say *thieves* instead), it is certain they have them *not*.

We may lawfully suppose, then, that Adam was the first of the human race who appeared in the world without the caudal appendage. And in order to make "vitty," as the provincials in the West of England are accustomed to term it, the theory propounded by certain great Biblical critics in the present day, who affirm that Adam had *tailless* contemporaries, we

an intellectual sense to Pythagoras and Plato, which the Seven Sages of England (so well known as the famous authors of "Essays and Reviews") and Bishop Colenso bear to Bacon and Newton. Lord Chancellor Eldon is perhaps the only great man of modern times, who combined in his own person both Pyrrhonism and its antithesis. He was celebrated for his "doubts," yet he commences his private diary with the notable remark,—"*I was born, I believe!*"

throw out a hint without attempting any proof, which scarcely appears necessary in these days, that possibly some of the huge gorilla tribe, who are described by Moses under the term of "giants,"* may have lived through the transition period. These by intermarriage with the genuine sons of Adam may have combined to produce the great race of philosophers, the Monboddos, the Darwins, the Bunsens, the Huxleys, &c., &c., which have become so illustrious in our own times.

It is said that an ancient French race, of the true blue blood, boasts of being able to trace its lineage higher than the flood, as one of their household traditions reports, when Noah was entering the ark, that he was politely

* "There were *giants* in the earth in those days" Gen. vi. 4. We have heard of a Scotch lady of the *Grant* clan, who used to prove her lineage from those ancients, owing to an error in the press, the letter "r" being introduced in place of "i." Hence the passage in her Bible read "there were *grants* in the earth in those days." This somewhat resembles the comical error made on Burke's famous aphorism, "Virtue is not confined to climates or degrees," which appeared in the printed report as "Virtue is not confined to climaxes or trees!"

requested to *preserve the archives of the Montmorenci family.* And there is the well-known anecdote of the Welsh squire, who displayed his pedigree to James I., on which was discovered in the *middle* of his ancestral tree a note asserting that Adam was supposed to have lived about that time. This latter story affords not only inferential proof of the higher antiquity of the Welsh* over the French, but also conclusive proof against the limited age assigned by Moses to the human race.

The most distinguished Pyrrhonist of the nineteenth century, the great German Baron Bunsen, of whom it has been so happily said by one of England's seven sages, that "if Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century which with ominous recurrence are closing round us, to him will

* The Welsh are proverbial for their love of the antique. We knew a Welshman who fondly affirmed that Noah's ark was built in Wales. We never heard of his adducing any evidence in behalf of his theory, but on the principles of modern Pyrrhonism, as their doubts seem to be confined only to any statement in Scripture, this of course was unnecessary.

belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right"*—has proved by irrefragable arguments that Adam's ancestors were engaged in a respectable trade, manufacturing pottery in Egypt about 20,000 years before the Christian era. This he has done upon the testimony of Mr. Leonard Horner, who conducted some experiments in boring through the Nile mud, whence some "fragments of burnt brick and pottery" were extracted, which were found lying together at a sufficient depth to prove the truth of the Baron's theory. An envious scribe, however, in the "Quarterly Review," has attempted to overthrow the force of this argument, upon the ground that "there is not a single structure of burnt brick from one end of Egypt to the other earlier than the period of the Roman dominion;"† and he boldly declares that the "fragments of burnt brick and pottery," which

* "Essays and Reviews," pp. 92, 93.

† Mr. Birch, the learned antiquary at the British Museum, has a burnt brick in his possession of the *Tuthmosean* age,

have been discovered in the alluvial soil of Egypt, must have been deposited there *after the Christian era.* But as this is the mere *ipse dixit* of an anonymous reviewer, the disciples of the illustrious Baron have with great discretion remembered the value of the German proverb, "Speech is silvern, silence is *golden;*" and, wisely preferring the more valuable commodity of the two, have as yet attempted no reply in defence of their "muddy" theory.

The learned Baron's deduction from the discovery of pottery in Egypt 20,000 years before the Christian era, reminds one of a curious story recorded in Madame du Barri's Memoirs, in which the French Pyrrhonists of the eighteenth century were much concerned. A stone, bearing evident marks of great antiquity, was discovered by some vagrant explorer of the "Old Mortality" school, on her

taken from a tomb at Thebes; but though this is about sixteen centuries earlier than the Roman dominion, it does not reach the pre-historic age.

property at Belle Vue, on which these letters were found, cut in the following form :—

I C
I
L
E
C H
E M
I. N
D. E
S. A. N. E. S.

This was speedily sent to the learned societies of Paris to be interpreted and explained. The *savants*, thinking they were old Roman characters, puzzled themselves in vain to make any sense out of these mysterious hieroglyphics. The inscription speedily became the rage of the town. Fashionable ladies painted it on hand-screens, and on every other article of furniture or ornament on which it could be introduced, until the laugh was turned against the unfortunate Pyrrhonists by the old beadle of the parish coming forward, and frankly stating that near the spot where the stone was found it was the custom to sell lime to persons who

brought *asses* laden with panniers, and a stone engraver (whose idiosyncracies in the art of orthography must have been of a peculiar nature), according to his own fancy cut out the very natural inscription, "*Ici le chemin des anes!*"

If men, therefore, in the present day will write themselves down "asses,"* we must bear it philosophically, and take them as we find them.† And if the above may be deemed a proof of man's *assinine* ancestry, our evergreen Pyrrhonist Baron Bunsen proves, with

* We must be cautious in our expressions, as we lately met with a review of a learned work, in which the poor author, after having been commended for his appreciation of the German proverb to which we have already referred, and for his proof thereof, by "proclaiming silence in cannon salvoes," is quietly told by his unfeeling critic, "in his own style, to be silent, to hold his peace, to repress his mental energies, to have his soul in patience, to develop common sense, and *not to write himself an ass.*"

† "The Proverbs of Aphobis," to which attention has already been directed, were undoubtedly written during the reign of one Pharaoh *Ass-a;* and if we omit the final *a*, as there is good authority for doing, we may readily discover the ancient ancestor of the French Pyrrhonists in the last century, to say nothing of many English ones in the present day.

brilliant lucidity, that a no less extensive class in the present day have a common ancestor in one of the early kings of Egypt who bore a very suspicious and unfortunate name.

We have noticed, in a previous chapter, that the twenty-third of the transitions from *Non-entity* to *Man* is the "*Solan Goose.*" And has not Bunsen clearly shown that one of the very juvenile kings of Egypt (we refer of course to the age of the human race, not to that of the individual king) was named *Old King Goose?* And has not his great master and "truth"-teacher,* Manetho, the Egyptian priest, distinctly affirmed that one of the great Pharaohs of the Twelfth Dynasty, who was reigning about the time of Abraham, was emphatically denominated, as we have already noticed, King *Geese-on-Gooses?* And have we not abundant proof, in the existence of Bunsen's disciples and panegyrists, such as the seven Solons of

* "Grateful I offer to thee whatever through thee I have learned; *Truth* have I sought at thy hand, *Truth* have I found by thy aid."—*Bunsen to Manetho.*

this present age, that these Egyptian kings must have left numerous offspring, and that "there have never failed them a child to sit on their throne?" Well may one of these seven, the ex-professor of Lampeter College, sing the praises of the illustrious German whose country is so famous in the realms of Pyrrhonism, though, as a "hireling" shepherd himself, some have considered it would have been better taste if he had voluntarily resigned that post for which the law has now pronounced him to be the *reverse* of "the right man in the right place."

"And when those fables strange, our *hirelings* teach,
I saw by genuine learning cast aside,
Even like Linnæus kneeling on the sod,
For faith, from falsehood severed, thank I God." *

With regard to these seven distinguished Pyrrhonists, combining in their own precious persons the wisdom of Solon and the blood-

* "Essays and Reviews," p. 93, Dr. Rowland Williams.

royal of one of Egypt's pre-historic kings, whose work, to which we have had occasion so often to refer, has obtained for them so distinguished a place in the niche of fame, no stronger proof of their influence and power upon the rising generation—the verdant Englanders, as some would express it—can be found than the feelings of intense envy which their writings have excited throughout the length and breadth of the world. According to the diplomatic correspondence which was published after the seizure of the Confederate ambassadors on board the *Trent*, it appears that one of the officers of the ship was philosophically engaged at the time of the outrage, in reading the famous "Essays and Reviews!" What an honour, on such an occasion! in such a latitude! Climate and men's passions simultaneously at boiling heat! The courageous daughter offering her life in defence of her violated father! A real *casus belli!* And all this time one of England's gallant sons absorbed, transfixed, and captivated by the "Essays and

Reviews!" Methinks I hear some poor wretch of an author, whose works have never passed the boundaries of his own limited domestic circle, in the throes of jealousy and envy at such a testimony to the value of a work he could never understand, much less compose, exclaim, with Serjeant Buzfuz of old,—"Chops and tomato sauce!" But what are they compared with "Essays and Reviews," the Pyrrhonistic *chef d'œuvre* of the present day!

Perhaps no better testimony to their transcendent merits can be found than the following choice poem, which has appeared in honour of the authors, and which only requires to be read from the *negative* stand-point, in some such way as Lady Mary Wortley Montague described the morals of her contemporaries, by the omission of the *nots* of the decalogue, in order to be understood and approved. This select ode bears the Greek motto of *επτα μυωπες καπνιζομενοι*,* and reads as follows:—

* This motto may be freely rendered as—"The Seven Blind Tobacconists!"

I.

"Have you heard of the smokified Essays,
The Reviews and dim smokified Essays?
Each one a dull libel
'Gainst plain sense and the Bible—
The seven dim smokified Essays.
They are read far and near,
For folks say, 'How queer
That clerics should write in this sceptical strain,
And tutors and pedagogues rival Tom Paine.'
So the book it is popular—don't deem us uncivil—
On the very same principle as is the Devil.

II.

"Have you heard of the wonderful Preface
Which heralds these smokified Essays?
The preface so flippant and slim:
Where the writers stand off from each other,
And each one is ashamed of his brother,
As his brother's ashamed of him:
Disclaiming, with extreme civility,
A general responsibility?
Yet seven men bound to take a purse,
Couper la gorge, or fire a house,—
Though brotherhood they may disown,
The world persists to think them one.
Such a matter repugnant to truth and sense is,
Though resolved by "*Ars logica Oxoniensis*."

III.

" Have you heard of the Rugbean Temple,
Of schoolmasters sure a strange sample,
With his smokified essay so dim,
His stiltified essay so cautious and trim?
Far better for you, *O inepte magister!*
To be flogging your pupils, though raising a blister,
For what saith Aristotle,
When he sums up the tottle,
In his " Chapter on Brooms,"
Where he broadly assumes
" Εν τω παιειν Παιδων τας πυγας
Αριστος και κυδιστος φαινεται Παιδαγωγος."
Oh, believe it for true
Much more useful for you
To be teaching *hic, hoc,* to the tune of your birch,
Than heading a foray 'gainst Gospel and Church,
In your smokified essay so prim and so trim,
Your smokified essay so dim.

IV.

" Have you read the Review upon Bunsen by Rowley?
At St. David's he nurses his Cambrian Χολη.
From St. Matthew, St. Peter, and Philip he differs,
In interpreting Scripture—yet only the stiffer's.
'These poor creatures,' he argues, 'how small was *their* knowledge,
When compared with GREAT WILLIAMS of LAMPETER COLLEGE!!'

So he levels his brain-gun most pertly 'gainst God,
Rammed with wind—and a charge of Nilometer mud,
Spooned up by poor Bunsen, in compound unholy,
With Rabbinical bosh—for says sillified Rowley,
'Though God's spirit knows much, yet he cannot aspire
To match Bunsen and me—when we get in the mire.
Chin deep in the mire, over ears in the mud,
Oh, 'tis then that we find out the date of the Flood,
Mistaken by Moses,
Evoked by our noses.'
The Baron and Rowley,
Dim, smokified Rowley,
Mud sages—poor Baron and pert Rowley Powley.

V.

"Have you seen the Review by the late Baden Powell?
The name is suggestive by changing a vowel,
For his essay's a *bad one*, productive of evil.
He has gone to his Judge,
Where his folly and fudge
Are forgiven, we trust—so '*de mortuis nihil*
Nisi bonum' must fall from our critical quill,
So with a mute verdict we pretermit Powell,
Only glad that from henceforth he never can do ill.
Yet the evil he has done remains after him
In his paper pretentious, yclept a review,
Where puzzled himself, he puzzles you,
With his smokified essay so dim.

VI.

"Have you heard of Henry B. Wilson, B.D.?
Magis Baculo dignus quam Lauro is he,
And a slippery churchman we all agree.
By B.D., Bad Divine
Is meant, we opine,
And a very apt title for one who "allows
And acknowledges" that which his mind "disavows."
Alas! for the Church folk of "Staughton Great,"
Who get the contents of his Jesuit pate,
For his essay leaves honesty all in the lurch,
His Janus-faced essay—his crookified essay—
Dim smokified essay on "National Church."

VII.

"Have you heard of C. W. Goodwin, M.A.
And his smokified essay on Moses' Cosmogony?
Where he tells how the firmament's stone or brick,
As Goodwin's own *caput* as hard and as thick.
From his statements crude
We are led to conclude
That God's spirit had not the required degree
Of knowledge, to cope with such critics as he;
In fact, that the Pentateuch, far in a way,
Were much better written by Goodwin, M.A.,
Which letters here mean, not as custom would fasten us,
"*Magister Artium*," but "*Magnus Asinus*."

VIII.

Have you read the Essay by Lincoln's Rector—
Of Paley and Butler the would-be dissector?
There is light on his leaves,
But he's fallen 'mong thieves,
And is dragged at their wheels like the body of Hector.
Oh, Lincoln's Rector, what brought you there,
Among 'bed-fellows strange'—*dans cette galère?*
The smoke of their essays blows over thine,
And darkens with soot what you seek to refine.
As a rector, you're bound to be straight, but you went awry,
When you joined to these essays yours on the past century.

IX.

"Have you read the Essay by Benjamin Jowett?
Not 'dim' as to what he is,—we avow it;
For clear as a bell,
This treatise doth tell
That Jowett's an outspoken infidel.
There's not one objection against the Bible
But he rakes it up in continuous libel;
No long-slain cavil—or buried doubt—
But has been by this Jowett ferreted out.
As a writer, the best of the seven is he,
And his manner is plausible, flowing, and free,
But the matter is daring and dark as can be.

And the mind which God gave him to circulate light,
Is not used as intended—to bless—but to blight.
Alas! for the youth he misleads in his college,
Teaching dogmas for facts, and assertions for knowledge,
Till each credulous pupil '*in Verba Magistri*
Quidlibet jurare paratus' as history
Accounts the wild words of this smokified essay—
This ignorant essay, audacious and dim,
This smokified essay so dim.

L'ENVOI.

Commend we these sceptical, smokified seven,
These sillified, stiltified, stultified seven—
To the scorn of the world, and the MERCY OF HEAVEN."

The illustrious Baron Bunsen, in addition to his Pyrrhonism on the subject of the antiquity of the human race (subsequent to their loss of tails) in *general*, with that singular perversity so often conspicuous in master minds, has displayed it in the reverse sense as regards individuals in *particular*. We are all familiar with the phrase "as old as Methuselah," who is said to have attained the respectable age of 969 years. Bunsen considers that the age of the antediluvian patriarchs merely repre-

sented epochs,* and as we have no other evidence on the subject besides the mere assertions of the Bible, we are unable to contradict his theory, save by observing that two of his favourite authors, Sanconiatho and Berosus, seem rather to agree with Scripture, as they give a similar number of generations from the time of the first man to that of the Deluge, and assert the descent of the human race from a single pair. But it is of our post-diluvian ancients with whom we have now especially to do. The learned Baron shows that it was impossible for man to have attained such ages as Abraham and his descendants are said to have done. That either Moses must have been as bad an arithmetician as Bishop

* A distinguished French Pyrrhonist, M. Ernest Renan, has rather improved upon the Baron's ingenious theory, by observing that when we read of "Nahor living twenty-nine years and begetting Terah," we are to understand that it refers to a *town*, and not to one of the family of man. This choice specimen of Biblical criticism has been rather snappishly carped at as the "dreamy nebulosities of used-up German speculation."

Colenso,* or that he was in his dotage when he wrote, or that somebody must have altered his figures, or some other equally valid reason for denying the accuracy of the Jewish Record. And, therefore, when we read of Joseph dying at "110 years of age," we must read in its stead the figures "78," as being the more probable of the two.†

Now, by a singular coincidence, not very long ago, there appeared in a valuable publication entitled "The Parthenon," and supposed to be written by a disciple of Bunsen, a very able paper, proving, as it appeared to us, most convincingly, that abundant evidence exists of the fact, that "110 years," was the limit of great age in Egypt, and tracing its origin to the time of that Pharaoh *Assa* whose name has been already noticed, and in whose reign the

* We do not mean the author of a valuable treatise on "Arithmetic," but one of the same name, whom some have imagined to be a mere myth, a subject which we shall take occasion in a future chapter to notice.

† See Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," Vol. III. p. 342.

Prime-Minister Joseph must have died, according to the Mosaic chronology; so that we may conclude the conventional mode of speech amongst the Egyptian literati was not as amongst the Easterns of modern days, "May your shadow never be less," but "May you live to be as old as Joseph!" True to the principles of his master, this faithful disciple of the Pyrrhonistic school endeavours to draw a different conclusion from such a rare combination of lapidary and papyrical evidence* on a matter of fact, but to use a homely Saxon phrase, "it wont do," and for his own sake he had better say no more.

Thus, in opposition to the Baron's theory, we have not only Egyptological proof against him, but we have also English, or more cor-

* We have studied with much interest one of the lapidary evidences on this subject, in our great and noble institution, the British Museum. It stands near the famous Rosetta stone, but is of a different stratum and colour. The latter, as is well known, is of black basalt, and gave rise to a happy *bon mot* upon its introduction to the Museum. The great Grecian, Porson, visited it so often, and appeared to be so absorbed by its then undeciphered hieroglyphics, that the attendants dubbed him "Judge Blackstone!"

rectly, Anglican proof in confirmation of the same. We can point to a certain fair lady of the highest rank in her own times, who was born in the reign of Henry VI., A.D. 1464; who danced at her wedding with Richard "of the hump," according to the legend of Shakspeare, which she virtually upsets by declaring that he was the best made and handsomest man present with the exception of his brother Edward IV.; and who lived all through the Tudor dynasty, and at the commencement of the succeeding one, came over from Ireland in the 140th year of her age, in order to petition James I. for the reversal of her husband's attainder. On her arrival at Bristol with her infirm and aged daughter, this gallant old dame, having only sufficient means to defray a single fare, hired a donkey chair for the use of her invalid child, who must have been nearly 100, and with a stout heart and no less stout pair of shoes trudged from Bristol to St. James's, in order to prosecute her suit. Whether she succeeded with the Scotch

Solomon or not we are unable to say, but her subsequent history tells us that so great was her agility and strength even then, that on her return to the Emerald Isle she appears to have lost her life through a feat in gymnastics instead of dying quietly in her bed; for, says a contemporary chronicler, "shee must needs climb a nutt-tree to gather nutts, soe, falling shee hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death."*

Such was the life and death of the celebrated Countess of Desmond. And we have a satisfactory chain of evidence, from a link now in existence, that this respectable old dame was no mere myth, as some of our German friends might naturally deem, which may be stated on this wise. The eminent historian, Sharon Turner, relates that Mr. Paynter, the magistrate, told his son, the Rev. Sydney Turner, that when a boy, A.D. 1810, he heard old Lord Glastonbury, then 90 years of age, declare that when he was a lad he

* Sidney Earl of Leicester's "Table Book."

was often with *a* Countess of Desmond, who told him that when a girl she had known an old lady who was brought up by *the* Countess of Desmond.

Although this chain partakes something of the nature of the old song:—

"'Somebody told me, that somebody said,
That somebody else had somewhere read,
In some newspaper as how you was dead.'
'But I ain't been dead at all,' said Jack Robinson!"

it is satisfactory to know that seven links* (true number of perfection) are all that is requisite to carry us up the stream of four centuries† from this present year of grace to

* It is a curious fact for Pyrrhonists in general, and Bishop Colenso in particular, to remember that seven links in the chain are sufficient to connect the creation of our first parents with the time of the exodus of the Israelites. The following Antiquarians being respectively contemporaries with each other:—1. Adam. 2. Lamech. 3. Shem. 4. Isaac. 5. Joseph. 6. Amram. 7. Moses.

† The churchyard of Ware, in Herts, contains a tomb with the following inscription:—"In Memory of William Mede, M.D., who departed this life the 28th of October, 1852, aged 148 years, 9 months, 3 weeks, 4 days." Fancy a person born in the reign of Queen Anne, and dying in that of Queen

the birth of one who lived before Henry VI. died, or to express it under more historic names, from the era of Waterloo, in 1815, to that of Agincourt in 1415.

The former of these celebrated combats between the Gauls and the Britons has been the cause of more Pyrrhonism amongst our neighbours over the water than all the other events which have distinguished or disgraced the French Empire. It has been commonly sup-

Victoria. There is said to be an aged vegetarian living at Ozeladna, in Moravia, in his 147th year. And one Haskeni now acts as a night watchman in the good city of Constantinople at 109, his voice being still so strong that it can be heard the other side of the Golden Horn, which may be attributed to the fact of his having shed his first teeth, and those of his second childhood being more solid than his first. Our readers have probably seen one of the popular advertisements of the day recommending an extensive use of "Old Parr's Pills," and we are in a position to explain its meaning. It appears that one Robert Parr, who lived in Shropshire, died A.D. 1757, at the respectable age of 124; his father, who would naturally be termed "Old Parr," died at 110; his grandfather, the "Older Parr," at 128; and his great-grandfather, the "Oldest Parr" of all, died A.D. 1684, aged 152. Of this last ancient it is related that he attempted a second marriage, which Dr. Johnson savagely defined as "the triumph of hope over experience," after he had turned the respectable age of 100.

posed by the sober and stolid John Bull, that the Duke of Wellington was really a great General, who personally fulfilled the requirement that "England expects every man to do his duty" better than most of his compeers and that Waterloo was to him what Worcester was to Cromwell, "his crowning victory."

Time and Pyrrhonism (some perhaps would say Empiricism), however, have compelled us to lay aside all such antiquated notions, and to read history not only with a new light but in more perfect accordance with the requirements of the age, so distinguished for its researches and progress in science and art. If, therefore, we can screw up our faith as high as that worthy Fellow of Oxford who is said to have exclaimed, after a calm and impartial study of Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts," in the exuberance of anti-pyrrhonistic orthodoxy, "Well, I do believe that Napoleon really existed," we should have advanced sufficiently far on our road to knowledge to assume that a battle was fought

near the village called Waterloo, in the summer of 1815, between the armies of England and France, but who won the battle is not so easily decided.

One of these distinguished Pyrrhonists puts the matter before us under the mild form of an hypothesis. "If," says M. Victor Hugo, in his charming work "Les Miserables,"—"*If* it had not rained on the night of the 17th to the 18th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, caused the fall of Napoleon." There is a good deal made to depend upon this little word "*if*." It is of the same importance as another little word termed "but," which so riveted a worthy divine in the midst of his hermeneutics, that he proposed to "stop and tap the little *but*, and see if he could not draw a hogshead of good matter from it." So another great commentator, observing the power and magnitude of an "if," declared most profoundly that "*if* a gnat had not

fortuitously disturbed the rest of Ahasuerus, about 2400 years ago, and caused him to call for the Book of the Chronicles, the Jews would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth." Hence, concludes this great historian, "the man who gained the battle of Waterloo was *not* Napoleon, because he ran away; nor Wellington, because he was blubbering at 4 P.M. and frantic at 5; nor Blücher, who was not there; but Cambronne the illustrious, who immortalized himself by insisting upon dying with the Imperial Guard, but that they never could or would surrender."* M. Victor Hugo, moreover, gives a very graphic picture of the siege of Hougomont, as a little episode in the grand tragedy which was being played, wherein some currant and *gooseberry bushes* (which were removed when we saw the place about twenty years ago) are assimilated to the

* The historic saying, "*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*," so universally attributed to Cambronne, is now known to be of the mythical order, invented subsequently to the battle, as he always denied having used it. See Captain Gronow's "Reminiscences," p. 102.

ramparts of Sebastopol; and he winds up his glowing picture by the satisfactory assurance that "the battle of Waterloo is an enigma. It is as obscure for those who have gained it (? Cambronne and his guards) as for him who has lost it. For Napoleon it was a panic; Blücher saw nothing in it but fire; Wellington comprehended nothing about it at all!"

Another distinguished Frenchman, the oratorical poetico-statesman, Lamartine, presents us with a different phase in this Titanic combat, by asserting, in his "Histoire de la Restauration," that "the Duke of Wellington caused the curbs to be removed from the bridles of his cavalry horses (we conclude to compel them to run away with their riders), and made his men drunk with brandy before they charged the French!"

A third, historian in the same field, the illustrious M. Thiers, mindful, possibly, of Lord Bolingbroke's axiom that "history was philosophy teaching by example," in his "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," has

thus faithfully recorded his impressions of that eventful day. After mentioning, in an earlier part of his captivating work, that the French were very nearly winning the battle of Trafalgar, and indeed *might* have done so had they felt so disposed, and telling us that at Waterloo "the French cavalry took sixty guns and six standards,"* M. Thiers plaintively adds, "History has nothing more sublime to record, and it redounds to the eternal honour of our heroic martyrs (not the Japanese, but those of Waterloo), to notice it, for the punishment of those who spill human blood without reason!" He draws a most graphic picture of an episode in that action so well known as "the battle of the Standard;" how a gallant French Lancer, "M. Urban, takes the English General Ponsonby prisoner; how the Scotch endeavoured to deliver their General, on which Urban kills him instantly with his sword, then

* Victor Hugo represents the cavalry all tumbling into a ditch, and never reappearing; but perhaps this was *after* they had captured the sixty-six flags and cannons, and despatched them by the first post direct to Paris.

when threatened by several English dragoons, he marches up to a Scotchman (Sergeant Ewart), who had previously captured the standard of the 45th French infantry, dismounts him with one hand and kills him with the other, snatches the flag from the dead man (? martyr), shakes off another Scotchman, and returns covered with blood to deliver to his Colonel the standard which he had so gloriously reconquered!" There are some ill-bred Englishmen, envious of the martial deeds of our neighbouring "martyrs," who have the bad taste to contend that General Ponsonby could not have been killed by M. Urban in 1815, for he was living in 1837, when he is supposed to have died a natural death; that neither could Sergeant Ewart have been killed there and then, for he received an ensign's commission for this very act, and lived many years in the enjoyment of his reward; and as for the flag itself, some stolid Englishmen obstinately contend, *Thiers non obstante*, that it was seen by several in Brussels on the afternoon of the 15th June, that it

was conveyed to England immediately afterwards and placed in Chelsea Hospital, where it has remained to this day.

However, the French historians can well afford to disregard such carping and malicious remarks as these. And perhaps we on this side of the channel may console ourselves with the opinion, which M. Guizot is said to have given of M. Thiers' "History," in reply to a questioner, "*C'est un roman*," as being a just definition of PYRRHONISM in general, as well as of German sceptics and English rationalists in particular.

CHAPTER III.

Man as a Necromancer.

Our last chapter left man in the position of a Romancer, according to the definition given by an illustrious French statesman, of the peculiar qualities belonging to his compatriot, so distinguished for his Pyrrhonism, as exhibited especially in that portion of his great history which describes the closing struggle between England and France, after their twenty years' war. As this chapter proposes to treat of man under an entirely opposite aspect, we think no better term can

be selected, as characteristic of the antithesis to Pyrrhonism, than that of Necromancer.* As the abiding principle of the one is, as we have already remarked, *to believe nothing, and to doubt everything*, so necromancy may be understood as descriptive of exactly the reverse; and even more than this, for it embraces the dead as well as the living. Just as we know certain men are termed obese who are gifted with a fulness of body, so is there a plethora of spirit which delights to believe in everything relating to the dead.

Three eminent Englishmen, equally distinguished for their theological proclivities and their intellectual acumen, are charming specimens of this valuable and boundless belief. Cardinal Wiseman teaches us that in order "we may in all things attain the

* This is commonly derived from two Greek words, signifying "Divination about the dead." Its Hebrew relative דרש signifies literally "One that inquireth of the dead." We should prefer a slight alteration in the etymology, and treat it as expressive of "Maniacs about the dead," or, in more homely Saxon, as those who may be considered "dead-drunk."

truth, and that we may not err in anything, we ought ever to hold it as a fixed principle that what we see *white* we should believe to be *black*."* The late Abbé Huc, in his "Travels in China," relates an interesting conversation between himself and one Ki-Chan, a literary Mandarin, concerning public men in Europe and the Celestial Empire, somewhat apposite to the teaching of the great Cardinal. "Your Mandarins," said Ki-Chan, "are more fortunate than ours. Our Emperor cannot know everything; yet he is judge of everything; and no one dares find fault with any of his actions. Our Emperor says, '*That is white;*' and we prostrate ourselves and say, 'Yes, it is white.' He shows us the same object afterwards and says, '*That is black;*' and we prostrate ourselves again and say, 'Yes, it is black.'" Such ethics, whether from China or Rome, have been very happily defended by Dr. Child, a

* "Exercises of St. Ignatius." Edited by Dr. Wiseman. Dolman, 1847.

distinguished American spiritualist, upon the following grounds:—

"A lie is true to the cause that produced it, so that what we call *a lie is truth that exists in nature*, just as real as what we call a truth. *A lie is a truth* intrinsically; it holds a lawful place in creation; it is a necessity." This admirable definition exemplifies the peculiar characteristics of man, whether viewed as a Pyrrhonist, a Necromancer, or an Allegorist, in a better way than is usual amongst the great thinkers of the age. It would qualify its propounder for a high position amongst the sovereigns of Europe in bygone days, according to the grand aphorism of Machiavelli, that "the science of reigning was the science of lying."

Dr. Manning, in his valuable essay on "The Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ," considers the Priestly Government at Rome, during the last twelve centuries, to have been "the best, the wisest, the purest, the most perfect, the most liberal, the most republican,

and the most beloved which the world has ever known;" and that if any flaw, through microscopic envy, can by any possibility be detected in so Paradisaical a form of government, it must be traced to the following conclusion, viz. "The worst which can be said is this, that in the line of two hundred and fifty Supreme Pontiffs, *a few have descended to the level of temporal sovereigns.*" There is, however, some little difficulty in reconciling this charming tableau, at the present time, with strict historic truth, viz. the presence of a permanent foreign garrison in the "Eternal City" to protect the Supreme Pontiff from somebody (? myths), as certain Italians are hardy enough to declare that the Papal throne would not be worth twenty-four hours' purchase after its departure. This rather obstinate fact resembles M. Thiers' story of the flag in Chelsea Hospital, to which we have already invited attention, but it need not ruffle the temper or disturb the slumbers of our Ultramontanist friends.

Similarly, Dr. Newman assures us that all the miraculous acts and legends in the various books put forth for the propagation of the Roman faith, are as true and as worthyof credit as the few simple miracles recorded in the divine oracles. Believing this to be the highest order of Necromancy, we propose to adduce a few examples from the records of the most civilized countries of the world, in order to show the wonderful adaptation of the human mind to circumstances in its reception of certain peculiarities which it is instructed and invited to believe.

First and foremost, we turn to our own dear mother England, and consider how the first seeds of Christianity came to be sown in this dark and benighted island. Many and various are the traditions respecting this interesting event, but the one which appears to be the most minute, and therefore the most likely to be true, is on this wise:—"Fifteen years after the Assumption* of the Blessed

* The doctrine of the "Assumption," which has been the

Virgin Mary, that distinguished Jewish nobleman, Joseph of Arimathea, took it into his head to pay a visit to the Apostle or Deacon (the record leaves it an open question) Philip in Gaul, who sent him to Britain to preach the Gospel, accompanied by his son Josephes, the *parvus Iulus* of the day, together with a goodly company of 600 male and female disciples. The said 600, who were to come over, took a vow of abstinence, which they all did break save 150, who passed over the sea sail-

source of so many paintings by the greatest masters, is a very striking instance of the power and truth of Necromancy. It appears, "from an ancient and most true tradition, that at the time of the death of the Blessed Mary, all the holy Apostles who were going through the world, *in a moment of time, borne aloft, came together to Jerusalem*, where they attended her death-bed. After three days, one of the twelve, who had been absent, wishing to adore the Virgin, the Apostles opened the coffin, but they could not find the body at all!" This interesting occurrence is proved upon the testimony of John Damascene, a monk of the eighth century, who quotes the story from the Enthymiac history (whose author is not known, and which work now only exists in an epitome which is wholly silent on the matter), which passage records that Juvenal, Archbishop of Jerusalem, informed the reigning emperor that a tradition had reached him concerning this miracle, which happened 400 years before his time. This is sufficient proof to silence all cavillers and sceptics.

ing upon the shirt of the little Joseph (*i.e.* Josephes, jun.), and the rest having in due time repented of their folly, a ship was sent to convey them over, which had been built about 1100 years previous, by the renowned King Solomon. With this second band of heroes came Nacianus, Duke of the Medes, who had been baptized by the good Joseph some years before, in the city of Saram. He was accompanied by Mordranis, King of Saram, who greatly distinguished himself in the Church Militant by killing a cruel king of North Wales, who kept Joseph of Arimathea a prisoner; after which the united heroes preached to the Ancient Britons during the reign of Arviragus, who, with his regal contemporaries, Marius and Coilus, endowed them with the Isle of Avalon, and twelve hydes of land." * Such is

* See *Capgrove in vita Joseph.* The Rev. W. Morgan, a Welsh clergyman, has recently published his "St. Paul in Britain," in which he successfully maintains the reality of Joseph's establishment of Christianity in Britain. As we have seen how large a number of Joseph's party were evidently adverse to the doctrine of celibacy, it is curious to note the severity of the original founder of Glastonbury Abbey on this

the interesting account of the manner in which Christianity was introduced to our ancestors, and we ourselves have had ocular demonstration in part of its truth. It is well known that the said Joseph of Arimathea introduced the Glastonbury thorn into this country, by planting his pastoral staff* in the West of England, during the Christmas revels, whence it ever after budded at that unusual season of the year. A relative of ours possessed one of these thorns, a descendant of the original stock, in his park in Devonshire, which dutifully bore flower in frosty December, and

delicate subject. An old chronicle of Worcester relates that all the monasteries of England, *except Glastonbury and Abendon*, were nothing else but *colleges of married priests*, until King Edgar drove them out, and settled monks in their places, about A.D. 974.—See Spelman, "Concil. Ang.," Vol. I. p. 434.

* The "Breviarium Romanum" relates a similar occurrence of St. Peter of Alcantara, whose festal day is observed on October 19. Of this distinguished saint it is said that "he passed over rapid rivers without wetting his feet; *a staff fixed by him in the ground instantly grew up into a flourishing fig-tree;* and once, when making a journey by night in a heavy snow-storm, he was obliged to take refuge in a ruined house without a roof, the snow remained suspended in the air, in order that he might not be smothered thereby."

we are therefore in a position to prove the truth of the Josephean origin of Christianity in England.

History is not quite so clear on the mode or the time of its introduction to the Sister Isle, which has been so happily described as

"First gem of the ocean, first flower of the sea."

Merivale, the eloquent historian of the "Romans under the Empire," seems to imply a late date for this interesting event, as he mentions the great Roman general, Agricola, after his conquest of the Northern frontiers of Britain, looking wistfully at "the grassy plains of teeming Hibernia from the Mull of Galloway," with an evident desire to break the tenth commandment, when other counsels prevailed, and, as the historian somewhat superciliously observes, "Ireland, so the fates ordained, was left to *her fogs and feuds for eleven more centuries.*" However, we must not speak too confidently upon a much longer continuance of the connection between the

two countries; for, according to some ancient prophecies, the period of England's supremacy in Ireland is about to terminate, its downfall having been fixed for 1862, 1867, or 1869 at farthest. According to St. Columkille,* who lived in the sixth century, the Saxons were to hold sway in Ireland during 690 years, dating from the gift of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian, A.D. 1172; and therefore the English rule ought to have terminated last year. We conclude, however, that England has five or six years more grace accorded to her yet. St. Ultan foretels that the final defeat of the English will be so overwhelming that the survivors will take flight in *one ship only* (possibly the old one belonging to King Solomon's navy which brought over the companions of Joseph who broke their vows), and his description of this defeat is very graphical:—

"None of them shall remain after that
But so much as birds should be able to carry off in their claws!"

* See "The Prophecies of SS. Columkille, Ultan, &c., with literal Translation and Notes, by Nicholas O'Kearney."

We venture, then, to question the correctness of Mr. Merivale's conclusion, and to offer proofs for a much earlier date.

1st. It will be recollected that a portion of the missionary party, who arrived in England as the sacred pioneers, were conveyed in safety on *the shirt* of the little Joseph, and it is a fair inference that a similar mode of transit was used in passing on this band of heroes to the Emerald Isle, for we have abundant proof of the marvellous *size of the shirts* which the inhabitants of that country have adopted from the earliest times, and which we contend must have originated in the memory of the cotton-ship which brought the first pilgrims to their unknown shores. An ancient historian tells us that "the infants of the meaner sort in Ireland are neither swaddled nor lapped in linen, but foulded up starke naked in a blankett till they can goe, and then if they get a piece of rugge to cover them, they are well sped. *Linen shirts* the rich doe weare for wantonness and bravarie, with wide hanging

sleeves playted: *thirtie yards are little enough for one of them.*" An Irish shirt, therefore, in ancient time, must have been of the same amplitude as the crinoline dresses of the ladies in the middle of the nineteenth century. This superfluity of linen appears to have lasted in Ireland until the time of Henry VIII., when it came to be restrained by Act of Parliament; at which period the chiefs used to dye their linen with saffron, in order to save washing; but becoming more cleanly with the *reformed times*, this custom slowly fell into disuse, and "they have now," says the historian, "left their saffron, and learne to wash their shirts *foure or five times in a year.*"

Monstrelet, on the other hand, describes the Irish soldiers of the fifteenth century, who accompanied Henry V. to France, as possessing anything but a superfluity of linen; for he speaks of them as an "ill-clothed set of savages *with only one shoe and stocking*, the other leg being bare." So, in our times, a noted dissenting minister, relates in a lecture, having

fallen in with a party of Irish soldiers on their return from Italy, where they had been to fight valiantly in defence of "the Father of the Faithful," whose stock of baggage consisted of *one bag of potatoes and a small pocket handkerchief between the lot.** This surpasses the Spartan simplicity of the American senator who started from the Far West to

* The gallant Irish soldiers of the Pope were evidently upon short commons, when the whole of their commissariat department could only produce "one bag of potatoes" for their united support. But we must not forget that this class of our fellow-subjects have the power of fasting to a degree of which we poor Saxons have no adequate idea. We have now before us a bill of fare at a "Banquet to His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Lord Archbishop of Westminster, by the Catholic inhabitants of Dundalk, *Friday*, September 3rd, 1858," from which we extract the following choice *morceaux*, as fairly descriptive of Irish mortification on the chief weekly fast of the Roman church:—"1st, Oyster soup! 2nd, Salmon fit for an admiral! 3rd, Dublin Bay haddock, in good Norman style! 4th, Fillets of haddock in St. Paul's style! 5th, *Surprised* ham!!!" We confess we never before knew exactly the mode of fasting by our fellow-countrymen over the water; and indeed we have hitherto supposed in our ignorance that meat was especially prohibited on such occasions; but as the "ham" is there mentioned with the distinctive and adjunctive epithet of "surprised" attached to it, possibly it may be intended to denote the *surprise* which it felt at being admitted in such company, contrary to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

spend a six months' session at Washington with no other luggage than *two shirt fronts and a revolver*. We may account for this peculiar dislike on the part of our Irish fellow-subjects to the use of clean linen on the supposition that they inherit the idiosyncracy of St. Jerome, the great Latin saint of the fourth century, who taught, as his works testify, that "cleanliness of person and apparel is uncleanliness of soul." The classical reader may recall to mind Juvenal's lines on the cave of Egeria:—

"Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum."

2ndly, it will be remembered that the delinquents of Joseph's party, who did not sail over upon his son's shirt, were subsequently brought by a ship belonging to King Solomon, who was, as authentic history informs us, famous as a polygamist. Hence we naturally find that the connubial habits of the Irish chiefs were of a similar extensive nature, as Campion, the

exact historian of that nation, expressly declares, "One I heard named which hath *more than ten wives in twentie places.*"

An American paper mentions that there is only one Irishman at present amongst the Mormonites in the far-famed Utah territory, but he is blessed with nine wives and forty-seven children. These wives live under one roof, and are not dispersed "*in twentie places*" like those of his illustrious ancestor. Much dispute having arisen respecting the origin of the word *Mormon*, we are enabled to set the question at rest by our researches in Natural History. The scientific name for the chief of the Baboon tribe is Mormon, from μορμων, a Boggoe or Mandrill.* The said Mormon is the great progenitor of the extensive family located near the Rocky Mountains, which appears to practise polygamy with such success, that even Bishop Colenso might believe in the great increase of the Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt according to the Mosaic record.

* "Mandrill," observes Professor Huxley, "seems to signify 'a man-like ape.'"

3rdly. Our last proof in favour of Christianity having reached Ireland previous to the eleventh century, when her "feuds and fogs" were dissipated by the arrival of Strongbow and his followers of the longbow, consists in this—that the indigenous snake of the country, whose exit was said to have been hastened by the holy toe of St Patrick, must have disappeared long before the time of the Norman Conquest; the proof whereof is as follows. *Giraldus Cambrensis*, a very ancient author, relates the interesting fact on this wise:—"It happened also *in my time* that in the North of England a knot of younkers took a nap in the fields. As one of them laie snorting with his mouth agape, as though he would have caught flies, it happened that a snake slipped into his mouth and glided down into his bellie, where, harboring itself, it began to roame up and downe, and to feed upon the yoong man his entrails. The patient being sore distracted and above measure tormented with the biting pangs of this greedie

ghest,* incessantlie prayed to God that, if it stood with his gratious will, either wholie to bereave him of his life, or else of his unspeakeable mercie to ease him of his paine. The worme would never cease from gnawing the patient his carcasse; but when he had taken his repast, and his meate was no sooner digested, than it would give a fresh onset in boring his guts. Divers remedies were sought, such as pilgrimages to saints, etc., but he was at length schooled to make his speedy repair to Ireland. *He did no sooner drink of the water of that iland but forthwith he killed the snake,* and so being lustie and livelie, returned into England."

As these various proofs may be deemed of the *miraculous* order, it may be as well to define a *miracle* according to the testimony of Necromancers in general, and those of the

* This word is variously read by collators of ancient MSS. as *guest* or *ghost*. We are inclined to the former, as this internal visitor proved himself to have been *in the body* in more senses than one.

Emerald Isle in particular. We have heard of an innocent Irish peasant, curious for information on the subject, once venturing to ask his pastor to favour him with an explanation of what a *miracle* really meant. The worthy priest cheerfully responded to the appeal by hitting the inquirer a tremendous whack on the back, saying, "Pat, do you feel that?" "Sure, your Reverence, I do." "Well, then," replied the practical theologian, "it would have been a *miracle* if you had not." Notwithstanding this vigorous definition by a disciple of the "muscular Christianity" school, as it is termed by some, we can scarcely admit that it is quite satisfactory as regards proof of the miraculous manner by which snakes were extruded from and Christianity admitted into Ireland.

Necromancy, however, is held in highest honour by our neighbours, who claim to be the most polished nation in Europe. We gather this from an authentic history, as given in the "Breviary of St. Denys," the patron saint of

France. By this it appears that "Dionysius the Areopagite," as he is termed in the Acts of the Apostles, was sent by the reigning Pope to preach the gospel in Gaul, which he continued to do even when placed on a hurdle, with a slow fire beneath, on his road to martyrdom. That this failed of "doing him brown," we may conclude from the fact of his living many years afterwards, and then having been "thoroughly done" by being beheaded at the venerable "age of 101, on the 7th day before the Ides of October," when, to the astonishment of the spectators, he calmly "took up his own head, severed as it was from his body, between his hands, and walked with it for a distance of two miles."*

Dr. Newman, who particularly specifies this authentic miracle to be as deserving of credit as any in Scripture, has very happily explained his theory by a force of logic which cannot be

* For further particulars of this interesting miracle, see "Lessons in the Breviary," for October 9th.

surpassed. "Mythical representations," he observes in his "Sermon on Development,"* "may be considered facts. The same remark may be made upon certain narratives of martyrdom, or of certain alleged miracles, which are the spontaneous product of religious feeling under imperfect knowledge. If the alleged facts did not occur, they *ought* to have occurred (if I may so speak); they are such as might have occurred, and would have occurred under certain circumstances; and they belong to the parties to whom they are attributed, potentially, if not actually; or the like of them did occur; or occurred to others similarly circumstanced, though not to those very persons!!"

* It is very singular to notice the similar train of reasoning which is adopted by the most exalted professors in the twin sciences of Necromancy and Pyrrhonism. *E.g.* While Dr. Newman's "Theory of Development" enables him to explain so satisfactorily to himself and his co-religionists all the doctrines and all the tales which this chapter discloses, so upon exactly the same principles of "progressive development," those distinguished Pyrrhonists, Lamarck and Darwin, have proved beyond all doubt *the fungus origin of the human species.*

Valuable, however, as is the above testimony for the truth of Necromancy, it scarcely equals the proof which is sometimes adduced in its favour by a display of ancient relics which certain churches are known to possess. *E.g.* We have heard of an English party of visitors to a cathedral (our countrymen being proverbial for their curious researches into such matters) having been invited to inspect a large opaque bottle, with what object they were unable to comprehend. "What can this be?" exclaimed one of the gaping crowd. "Why, sir," replied the sacristan, "this bottle contains some of the 'felt' darkness from Egypt, when Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites go."

Instructive as is the *morale* of the above miracle, it scarcely equals in humour the way in which a little difficulty was successfully overcome on a similar occasion, through the ready wit of the ecclesiastical custodian. "What is this sword?" asked a visitor to a church where relics of a very ancient date

were highly prized. "That sword, sir," replied the sacristan, "is the one with which Balaam smote his obstinate ass." "Ass!" retorted the amazed visitor, "Why, Scripture does not mention that Balaam had a sword, but merely that he wished for one." "Oh! sir," was the ready reply, "this is the very sword which Balaam desired to have!"

Not many years ago (Oct. 1853), a scene was witnessed in France, of a most edifying nature, in which our great English Cardinal bore, as he frequently does, a most distinguished part It appears from the authentic report of the ceremony that Count Escalopièr, a French nobleman of Amiens, discovered, some years previous, in the catacombs of Rome, a tombstone with the following inscription:— "To Aurelia Theodosia, a most tender and incomparable woman; Aurelius Optatus, to his most innocent wife, buried Nov. 30; by nation an Ambian.* To her, who well deserves

* There is a little critical difficulty about translating the original inscription, "*Nat. Ambiana,*" as the Congregation of

it, he placed this monument." Selecting the nearest bones, and obtaining the necessary passport from "the Congregatión of Relics," certifying that they were the veritable ones of a lady who had come from Amiens, and had been martyred at Rome, the worthy Count returns to his country, and arranges a magnificent spectacle for their re-interment in the place of the lady's nativity, after a lapse of about 1600 years. A passage from the sermon, preached on the occasion by Cardinal Wiseman, will convey to us some idea of the raptures which filled the minds of the good citizens of Amiens on the recovery of their long-lost treasure. "Yes, Theodosia!" was the eloquent apostrophe of the great Cardinal, "*your bones* have this day trembled with joy,*

Relics have done, "a native of Amiens;" for the original name of that city appears to have been *Samanobria*, which was changed into *Ambianis*, *i.e.* Amiens, by order of the Emperor Gratian, *after* the empire was become Christian, and the age of martyrdom had gone by.

* The trustees of the British Museum appear to attach a similar value to *old bones*, if we may judge from the high price given for such rarities. See p. 28. Contrast, how-

and communicated to us their transports of gladness; and this festival will have durable results; they lay for the future the foundations of a more solid and firm piety. If, up to the present time, unknown to themselves, you have, O! Theodosia, prayed for the people of Amiens, how much more for the future, being invoked by them, will you not redouble your powerful intercessions unto the God of Martyrs!"

It certainly must have been an interesting sight to see the fair Theodosia's bones dancing for joy in Amiens Cathedral, after their 1600 years "*Requiescant in pace*" in the catacombs of Rome; but the Necromancers, who arranged the splendid affair, would have to contend with this little difficulty, which Pyrrhonists would naturally suggest in addition

ever, the just laudation of Milton respecting the bones of the mighty Shakspeare:—

"What needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star y-pointing pyramid?"

to the critical one already alluded to. Were these the veritable bones of Theodosia or not? We are inclined to think, after an honest endeavour to apply our "verifying faculties" to the ins and outs of the question, that the weight of evidence is adverse to her claim of ownership. A similar scene occurred in England during the fourteenth century, which may throw some light on the subject. When the Council of Constance, in its manifold wisdom, thought fit to order that the bones of the great Reformer Wycliffe should be taken from their grave and burnt, for various reasons between forty and fifty years were allowed to elapse before this delicate operation was practically enforced. On the arrival of the sacred band of Burkites and arsonists, it appears there was some difficulty in making sure they had got hold of the right bones, though in this instance not half one century, in place of fifteen, had elapsed since they were interred. On which the martyrologist pithily observes, "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what

Democritus would not weep, to see these so sage and reverend Catoes, to occupie their heads to take up a poore man's body, so long dead and buried before, by the space of forty-one yeeres, and yet, peradventure, were not able to find his right bones, but tooke up some other body, and so of a Catholike made a heretike." (?)

Nor is Spain* behind her polished neighbours in the science of Necromancy, which is not to be wondered at, considering the testimony which the ancient inhabitants of that highly-favoured land bear to the truth of the Ptolemaic theory in opposition to that of the Copernican. The Iberians, an ancient tribe who inhabited the Western coast of Spain, were wont to declare that they heard nightly the hissing of the ocean, as the sun with its heating rays sank into its watery bed. Hence

* *E.g.* At Seville cathedral they show, amongst other valuable relics, three pieces of a saint's flesh, which *individually and collectively weigh one ounce*, a miraculous evidence in proof of the doctrine of Trinity in Unity, which, as the authorized account states, no body of heretics are able to show.

in those parts of the world, as we may naturally suppose, Necromancy flourishes in great vigour. For, though the majority of the learned in the present day have agreed to accept the Copernican theory respecting the rotundity of the earth, it is not admitted by all. Archbishop Cullen, according to Hugh Miller, considers "that the sun is *possibly* only a fathom in diameter;" but we suggest that this may be explained by supposing him to speak in accordance with the requirements of Pope Pius IV.'s creed, viz. "the unanimous consent of the fathers," and of the great doctors of his church, who silenced the heresy of Galileo, the follower of Copernicus. So Professor Airy, in his Astronomical Lectures, "remembers a man in his youth who used to say he should *like to go to the edge of the earth and look over.*" Daring, however, as this adventurer must have been, the idea scarcely equals another on the same subject, which is related by Humboldt, in his great work "Cosmos." He says that an opinion was entertained by

many that the earth, if its rotundity be admitted, must be a hollow sphere containing revolving planets, the approach to which was by a tunnel situated near the North Pole, whence the polar light emanates, and that he and Sir Humphrey Davy were publicly invited by Captain Symes to conduct an exploring expedition to this *terra incognita.*

One of the chief objects of adoration in the enlightened country of Spain is a lady who is supposed to have died August 10th, A.D. 286, during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. Her history appears to be as follows :— In the year 1805, Francis de Lucia, a Neapolitan priest, discovered in the Roman catacombs some old bones lying near a broken tablet, on which the following imperfect inscription was still visible . . . . *Lumena Pax tecum Fi* . . . . . Somewhat puzzled with these words, until he recollected that Eastern nations usually read their letters from right to left, he proposed to read the inscription as . . . . . *If mucet xap anemul* . . . . . However, this new *re-*

censio catatomborum did not assist him much, until, a bright thought illuminating his mind, he found the mystery cleared up at once by a simple act of transposition. Just as a waggoner places the leader of his team back to the shafts, so our worthy priest, by transposing the final syllable *Fi* as a prefix to *Lumena*, was enabled to read and comprehend the inscription, "*Filumena pax tecum.*" Deriving *Filumena*, or as they call her in France, St. Philomène, from the Greek word φιλεω and the Latin word *lumen*, her name necessarily signified "Friend of Light," who must have obtained "*peace*" about the time already mentioned. Her intensely interesting history is said to have been as follows:—She was the daughter of a king who reigned over a little state in Greece, as large as that of the ex-King Otho in 1862. Her parents were childless idolators, until a Roman physician, named Publius, promised them offspring on condition of their embracing Christianity. His offers were ac-

cepted, and on the 10th January following the parents' eyes were gladdened with the birth of a daughter. At *twelve years* of age she accompanied her parents to Rome, where she succeeded in captivating the heart of the Emperor Diocletian, who made her an offer of his hand and throne. These she respectfully declined, as she had taken vows of celibacy *two years before*. Vainly did her father use "the most wicked threats" to induce her to alter her determination. The noble maiden was true to her first love. Her baffled parents handed her over to the Emperor, who at once adopted other means to win her consent. Loaded with chains, and shut up in a dungeon for thirty-nine days, without tasting a bit of victuals during the whole of that time, she continued inexorable to the imperial attentions. Scourging was then employed, and her bleeding body was speedily beaten into one wound. Two angels poured a balsam over her, and in a moment she was perfectly cured. Then the Emperor commanded the attendants

to tie an anchor round her neck, and to treat her, as was done to Ilia, the mother of Romulus, to a cold bath in the "Yellow Tiber." Her guardian angels, however, cut the cord, let the anchor fall into the river, where it remains to this day, and bore the maiden on their wings dry to the bank. Unmoved by this failure, the Emperor caused her to be dragged through the streets of Rome, and a shower of arrows to be discharged at her; and then, with the blood trickling all over her, to be cast again into a dungeon. St. Philomena appears to have possessed good healing flesh, for after a refreshing sleep she awoke up perfectly well. On which, Diocletian ordered the arrow experiment to be repeated in his presence, but without success. He then caused the arrows to be heated, thus anticipating the red-hot shot of modern times; but they recoiled upon the archers, killing six of them and wounding others. The tyrant next tried beheading, and as, for some cause or other, her guardian angels appear to have been absent

from their post, the good St. Philomena, who certainly must have been of the *feline* species as regards the number of lives with which she was endowed, submitted to have her head cut off on Friday, August 10th, A.D. 286, about 3 P.M.; and, after a lapse of 1519 years, became the guardian angel of the good people of Spain.*

The adjoining country, Portugal, appears to entertain less feelings of respect towards its good angels, if we may judge from the disrespectful manner in which the people are in the habit of treating their figurative representatives when displeased. We recollect once hearing a British naval officer relate, in proof of the above, a scene which he had witnessed at Lisbon. A long continuance of westerly gales having prevented the ships from quitting the harbour of that city,

* For full particulars of this interesting case of Necromancy, see "Vie et Miracles de Sainte Philomène, vierge et martyre, surnommèe la thaumaturge du dix-neuvième siècle, traduit de l'Italien sur la 15ème edition, par J. F. B. de la Compagnie de Jesus. Approuvé par Mgr. l'evêque de Fribourg. Paris, 1835."

and thereby causing much inconvenience to its citizens, our friend told us that he saw a long procession of people, headed by thei respected priests, bearing on their shoulders images of various saints, whom they proceeded to punish in the same manner as the tyrant Diocletian treated the good St. Philomena, first by repeated scourgings, and then by duckings in the water, because they were unable to effect the desired change of wind.

It was in this same city that an Archbishop of Lisbon once gravely assured his astonished audience from the pulpit, that it was a great mistake to suppose that their illustrious countryman, Vasco de Gama, had been the first to sail round the Cape of Good Hope, for that Jonah had, more than 2000 years before, performed the same perilous voyage in the belly of the whale; which, though starting from somewhere near Joppa, according to Scripture, by safely landing him at the mouth of the Tigris, enabled him to perform

the remainder of his journey with comfort and ease by the first packet to Nineveh.

It is a popular error, of long standing, to suppose that the interior of a whale was Jonah's packet-boat. All that the Hebrew says is "a great fish," which is enough for our faith. We know that the Mediterranean possesses a native called the *Carcharias*, or dog-fish, and it is said that a soldier armed *cap-a-pie* has been found in the belly of one. To be sure, we once heard a distinguished Protestant clergyman, who had been in early life engaged in the whale-fishery, contend manfully that Jonah sailed, not in the *belly* but in the *mouth* of a whale. For, knowing that the throat of that fish is not sufficiently large to admit a full-grown man, he suggested that Jonah's cabin must have been on the tip of the monster's tongue, which was equal in size to a drawing-room sofa, and of a texture softer than velvet, whereon the prophet might enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* during his three days' voyage. Pliny, in his "Natural History,"

speaks of whales 600 feet long, and 360 broad, as swimming about in his days, which in length would nearly equal, and in breadth of beam considerably surpass, the *Great Eastern* iron ship. Pomponius Mela likewise relates that at Joppa they used to show the *old bones* of a huge sea monster, which was afterwards exhibited at Rome during the ædileship of M. Scaurus. If these were the veritable ribs of Jonah's ship, all we contend for is, that they must have belonged rather to the shark than to the whale tribe.

Italy, however, is the country where Necromancy may be said to reach the highest state of perfection, if we may judge from the richness of the mortuary remains in her churches, and the abundant supply of miracles as continually performed by her saints.

It was in that enlightened country that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon endeavoured to excommunicate railways, by declaring that they "were a chastisement sent by Heaven on the innkeepers, for their

perversity in supplying their guests with meat upon fast days." In this respect the Cardinal only followed the example of his infallible chief, for when a company of our speculative fellow-countrymen (Sir Humphrey Davy amongst the rest) obtained an interview with Pope Gregory XVI., for the purpose of offering to drain the country adjoining the city of Rome, and to make it as habitable as it was in Pagan times, the worthy Pope exclaimed in a tone of surprise at this new project of these everlasting scheming English heretics, "Drain the Pontine Marshes! God made them, and if He had intended them to be drained He would have drained them Himself." The same Pope is said to have refused to allow an iron bridge across the Tiber on these grounds: "If we have an iron bridge, we shall next have an iron road; and if we have an iron road, *adio*, the Papacy will take its departure, *and that by steam!*" Iron roads and steam have now invaded the sacred territory, so we may expect, according to Gregory,

that the Papal power will soon be "as things that were."

Notwithstanding these denunciations against one of the inexorable signs of this iron and progressive age, the Italians possess, for their consolation, some of the most valuable "properties" (to adopt the language of the theatre) of which any nation can boast. If the Romans have not yet the desire of their hearts in a united Italy, and Victor Emmanuel as their temporal Sovereign, they have that which many of the most subtle intellects of the day consider more precious and more important. *E. g.* in the Church of St. Croce in Gerusalemme at Rome, according to the authentic list which hangs suspended from the walls of that sacred edifice, the visitor is permitted to see, amongst other extraordinary rarities:—

"1st. The finger of St. Thomas which touched the Saviour's side.

"2nd. One of the pieces of money expended in the purchase of *Aceldama*.

"3rd. A mass of cinders like a loaf of bread, the yeast being composed of the fat of St. Lawrence, who was broiled on a gridiron.

"4th. A bottle full of the lacteal fluid of the Virgin Mary.

"5th. The original stone tables from Mount Sinai, as given to Moses, with the Decalogue* inscribed thereon.

"6th. Some of the *manna* which fed the Israelites in the wilderness.

"7th. A bit of Aaron's rod (? pickled for

* The following singular misapprehension of the Decalogue was related to the author by a friend who knew the party in question; and we can therefore guarantee the genuineness of the anecdote, strange as it may appear in these days when "the schoolmaster is abroad." Not many years ago, during a contested election in Scotland, a candidate was asked a question on the hustings respecting his views on that part of the Decalogue which relates to the observance of the Sabbath. Not being very well up in the Dictionary, the bewildered candidate turned to a friend for assistance. "What does the fellow. mean?" To which the other, oblivious of the fine Ciceronian maxim, *Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*, quickly responded, "Oh! he wants to know your opinion concerning military flogging." On receiving this lucid explanation the would be Senator gallantly faced the crowd, roaring out at the top of his voice, that "*he would not leave a stone unturned until the Decalogue was removed from the Statute Book altogether.*"

preservation) which flourished in the desert."

Another church in the "Eternal City," viz. that of St. Cecilia in Trastevere claims to be the possessor of one of St. Mary Magdalene's *great toes.* While a third, the Church of St. John Lateran, is content with certain portions of those distinguished individuals who must have bequeathed to them a selection of their animal remains. Thus *e.g.* it possesses—*part* of the bones of St. John's mother, *part* of the brain of St. Vincent of Paul, and a *bit* of the chin of John the Baptist.

We have heard occasionally of lengthy parliamentary sittings in this country, and still longer ones amongst our cousins in America; but Italy, the land of miracles, far surpasses both. What will our readers think of a sitting prolonged to the period of 400 years?

The Right Rev. Dr. Dixon, the Titular Archbishop of Armagh, assures us that he paid a visit to, and kissed the hand of a certain fair lady at Bologna, who had taken

her seat on the 9th of March, 1463, when she was 49 years of age, and that she had been *sitting there ever since.* He observes, after his visit in 1846, that "this body is not only *whole and entire,* but has retained its natural flexibility like a living body; and, dressed in the nun's habit, it sits, with an air of great dignity, in an arm chair, in a graceful and natural position, without being fastened in any way."

One of the greatest of the Roman heroes to whom the Necromancers of Italy are most especially devoted, and who appears to have been pre-eminent as a worker of miracles, like Gregory Thaumaturgos, is the illustrious St. Anthony, whose power over the race of quadrupeds is known to be so potent in the city of Rome. Indeed, at one time he performed so many miracles that he was actually forbidden by his Superior to work any more, in consequence of which the good man once found himself in the greatest perplexity. As he was passing through a street, he heard a poor

mason, in the act of falling from a lofty building, call upon him by name for assistance. The saint, not knowing exactly what to do, had recourse to an expedient. "Stop a moment," said he, to the falling mason, "till I go for the permission of the Father Superior." The man remained suspended in the air till St. Anthony returned with permission to work the necessary miracle.*

Once a year the quadrupeds, and possibly some of the bipeds, at Rome are blessed in the name of St. Anthony, who appears to have possessed three bodies at least, according to some devoted Necromancers; for just as seven cities are said to have contended for the birthplace of Homer, so St. Anthony's dead body is shown to the faithful in three different towns at once, viz. at Arles and Vienne, in France, and Novgorod, in Russia; besides his arm, which was for a long time kept in a glass case and worshipped at Geneva, but which some heretical Palæontologists, on

* Nicolini's "History of the Jesuits," p. 258.

examination, declared to be the *bone of a stag*. A long law-suit occurred between the claimants of the true body at Vienne and Arles, which has never yet been determined. And the reason of his being claimed in Russia appears to be as follows:—When living at Rome, he was commanded by an angel, in a dream, to go and convert the heathen of Novgorod. With ready obedience, St. Anthony embarked on a *millstone*, and in this novel manner was safely conveyed to Novgorod *in four days*, and successfully performed his interesting work. Perhaps Darwin's law of reproduction will enable modern Pyrrhonists to account for the three bodies of St. Anthony being exhibited in three different places at once.

We are now able to understand the passionate desire on the part of the Italians to possess as their capital a city where the power of St. Anthony is still acknowledged over man and beast. Some indeed have maliciously invented a tale which would seem to deny the wisdom of the Italians in this anxious longing,

and which is related as follows:—It is well known that the familiar inscription, S.P.Q.R. is used to signify *Senatus populus que Romanus*, but at the present time it may more truly represent *Stultus populus quærit Romam*,—"a foolish people desire Rome;" in which they resemble the cat and the mice in the apologue. The cat having a long time preyed upon the mice, the poor creatures at last, for their safety, kept themselves within their holes, when puss, finding her prey to cease, adopted the following *ruse*:—She changed her hue, put on a religious habit, shaved her crown, walked gravely by their holes, and perceiving that the mice still kept within, very formally and mother-like addressed them,—

"Quod fueram non sum, frater, caput aspice tonsum."

"Oh, brother! I am no longer what you take me for; see my habit and shaven crown." Hereupon some of the greenhorns and more credulous amongst the mice were again deceived, and destroyed. When, there-

fore, Mistress Puss came as before to entice them forth, the rest, taught by experience and doubly cautious, would come out no more, but answered,—

"Cor tibi restat idem, vix tibi præsto fidem."

"Say what you will, we will believe you no more, for you have still a cat's heart within. *You do not watch and pray, but you watch to prey.*"

If the above story contains a good *morale*, which the Italians might profitably mark, learn, and inwardly digest, we have another which some will deem not unsuitable to ourselves in reference to the progress which Necromancy, with its accompanying black arts, is supposed to be making at home. An ancient Egyptian of the time of King Pharaoh Cheops, as Herodotus calls him, or *Chops*, according to our more homely Saxon tongue, who dealt largely in poultry, was one day walking by the sea-side, when he discovered a large egg, which he took home to hatch. After a time

he found his yard strewed with feathers, for his find turned out to be no mare's nest, but a crocodile's egg; on which he ordered the following instructive inscription to be placed on his tomb, after the manner of the Egyptians:—

"BEWARE OF HATCHING CROCODILES IN YOUR POULTRY-YARD."

CHAPTER IV.

Man as an Allegorist.

A WORTHY vicar in the West of England was once waited upon by one of his parishioners, who boldly put this important question to him: "Pray, sir, have you not been preaching *at* me?" The gude man, a little taken aback at such an unexpected home thrust, as his questioner was of the *Vaurien* race, mildly suggested that he was unconscious of having preached against him individually,* but that

* This reminds one of an anecdote related of Coleridge. On his arrival at an inn he is said to have called out *ore*

some of his remarks, though intended for the congregation generally, might perchance have had a personal application, and if the cap fitted him he was undoubtedly at liberty to wear it. "But," retorted his persistent inquirer, "have you not, sir, been preaching against me in an *allegory?*"

Having already treated of man as a Pyrrhonist and a Necromancer, we propose to view him under the light of an Allegorist, to which title, as it will now be our endeavour to show, he has many abiding claims.

It may seem surprising that the Book of Books, as its name emphatically implies, and which claims to be written so plainly that "the wayfaring man, though a fool (in the estimation of the learned), shall not err in the interpretation thereof," should be the cause of more allegorizing, probably, than all the books in the world put together. It is quite

rotundo, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the puzzled Kellner, "We dines at six."

marvellous to see how frequently all classes and all peoples—whether Jews or Gentiles, Papists or Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters, high or low, learned or unlearned alike, have combined to commit themselves to the most surprising, extraordinary, and unaccountable interpretations in their endeavours to explain what to the mass of mankind appears so simple. Man as an Allegorist explains it all. He is essentially a worshipper of Mercury, the master interpreter of bygone ages, and he has adopted the Hermeneutic system with a gusto which has assuredly produced fruits ripe, rich, and rare.

It is well known that a lively controversy has arisen in our own days respecting the harmony between the science of geology and the Mosaic cosmogony as set forth in the first chapter of Genesis. This is natural, but who could have imagined that the learned doctors of the Church of Rome would have attempted to prove the Papacy from the same quarter

Yet this has been done by something more potent than even allegory. For the illustrious Pope Boniface VIII. taught that as Moses commenced the Bible with *In Principio Deus creavit cœlum et terram*, instead of *In Principiis*, it was a strong argument in favour of God designing only *one Princedom* over the world, *i.e.* the Papacy.* There are, however, one or two little difficulties with regard to this infallible interpretation. In the first place it is generally supposed, though probably Bishop Colenso would dissent, that Moses, the author of the Book of Genesis, lived several centuries before the Latin tongue was known;

* Pope Boniface VIII., however, had another string to his bow in favour of the supremacy of the Roman See over all other powers, whether celestial or terrestrial, by quoting St. Peter's words, "Behold here are *two* swords," to prove that he possessed both the temporal and spiritual sword. His distinguished predecessor, Pope Innocent III., about a century earlier, had given a practical appreciation of this interpretation by quoting it in his letter to Philip Augustus, King of France, when he urged him to slaughter the Albigensian heretics, and appointed the three bishops, of Rheims, Bourdeaux, and Puy, as the most efficient representatives of the Church Militant, to smite with that double-edged sword accordingly.

and secondly, according to the orthodox meaning of the Latin word *Principio*, "the beginning" is understood, and not "a Princedom." But probably Pope Boniface considered there was some force in the medieval argument current in his day, that any Christian learning the Hebrew language, did so at the risk of becoming a Jew, and that it was heresy to suppose any part of the Scriptures could have been written in that tongue.*

So, likewise, another great doctor of the Church of Rome, Pope Innocent, taught that when Moses wrote "God made two great lights," he meant two great dignitaries, the Pontifical and the Imperial, and that the first, which ruled the day, referred to the spiritual power, which was *the greater*,† and the second,

* It is upon the same principle we conclude that the Latin occupies the post of honour in the Vulgate, with the original Hebrew on the one side, and the Greek LXX on the other; which has been irreverently compared to the position of Christ as crucified between two thieves—the unbelieving synagogue of the Jews, and the schismatical Greek Church.

† Our great English Cardinal seems to dissent from this

which ruled the night, to the temporal, which was the *lesser*, and that there was as much difference between Popes and Emperors as there was between the sun and the moon. Now, as science teaches us that it would require 80,000 full moons in the sky to equal the light of the sun, we must conclude that this distinguished Pontifex Maximus was 80,000 times greater and better than all the kings of the earth put together, including of course that great Eastern Potentate of the Celestial Empire who claims especially the titles of "Brother of the Sun" and "First Cousin of the Moon." Another infallible authority, Pope Adrian, "improved," as our dissenting friends express it, upon a passage in the first chapter of Genesis, when he extracted, from

doctrine, as he says emphatically, "There is nothing taught in the Catholic Church on the subject. If we speak of those kingdoms which are not in anywise connected with his temporal government, it is the belief of all Catholics that the Pope has not the slightest jurisdiction or right to interfere upon earth."—Dr. Wiseman's "Lectures on the Church," p. 170.

the declaration "God made man in his own image," *authority for setting up images in churches:* an argument to which some of our Protestant Iconoclasts would be hardly prepared to assent.*

The most perfect specimens of the value of Allegory are to be found amongst the Jewish Rabbis, who declare that the stature of Adam was so high that his head reached the summit of the heavens, thereby referring to the consummate perfection of human nature when first created. So, on the other hand, it is said, when Adam lay down, his head reposed in the East and his feet in the West, in reference to the prostration to which he sank through transgression; for though he fell, the *intellectual*

* The learned Dr. J. H. Newman would differ on this point from Pope Adrian, if we may judge from this line of argument in defence of the Church of Rome. "It is stated," he argues with matchless logic, "in the 2nd chapter of Isaiah, that *God shall utterly abolish the idols* during the Christian dispensation. But if under that dispensation the Roman Church be idolatrous (as 'images in Churches' seem to imply), then the idols have not been utterly abolished. Therefore the Roman Church *cannot* be idolatrous." Q. E. D.

part of his nature, indicated by the head, was not destroyed, but still lay towards the East, "the source of light;" while his feet, which represented the *animal nature*, tended to the region of decline and darkness. One of the Talmudic doctors allegorizes in a style which may possibly have evoked Pope Innocent's interpretation of the two great lights alluded to above:—"Daughter of beauty, beware of being envious. Envy has cast down angels from heaven, and darkened the gentle form which gives loveliness to the night. From the council of the Eternal went forth the creating voice: *Two lights* shall reign resplendent in the skies, to order the roll of the seasons. It was done. Up rose the sun; as the bridegroom comes forth from his chamber, or the hero upon his victorious way, so did he appear, clad with splendour from the glance of God. All colours blended in the crown which encircled his brow. The earth rejoiced, the herbs shed perfumes, and the flowers put on their ornaments. The other light stood jealous; while

she saw how impossible it was to outshine the sun. How, murmured she, can two monarchs possess the same throne? Why must I be second, and not first? At once, as if from the stress of her interior grief, her beautiful radiance fled away. Away it fled, wide in the heavens, and became a host of stars. Luna, shamed before all heaven, stood ghastly as a corpse. Weeping she prays for mercy. The angel of God thus spake: Because thou hast been jealous of the light of the sun, in future thou art to shine only by its aid; and when yonder earth passes before thee, thy borrowed beams will either partly or altogether fade away."

The Talmud Doctors, besides being "acknowledged authorities" in Allegory, manifest some pleasing amenities towards the Emperor Titus, the famous Conqueror of Jerusalem, whom the Romans fondly termed "The Delight of the Human Race." They gloat over his shattered health, which they attribute to divine vengeance, and

among their legends, they minutely record the nature of his sufferings. They say that he desecrated the Temple on Mount Zion with orgies very suitable to the shrine of Venus. Assailed on his return to Italy, and nigh to perishing by tempest, he had impiously exclaimed, *The God of the Jews who drowned Pharaoh has power on the waters, but I am more than his match on land.* Jehovah suffered him to gain the shore, when He sent a gnat to creep into the nostrils of the scorner, and to lodge itself in his brain. For seven years the restless insect banqueted upon his inside.* One day, the Emperor, passing near a blacksmith's forge, appeared to be arrested by the noise of the hammer. Four pieces of silver daily (equal probably to about £5 sterling) did the sufferer give to have the same noise continued in his ears without ceasing. At the end of thirty days the insect became accustomed to the clang, and

* This resembles very closely the Necromantic Legend of Giraldus Cambrensis, recorded in Chapter iii., pp. 111-12.

resumed his ravages. Phineas, the son of Eronba, was present with the chief nobles of Rome at the Emperor's death. They reported that when the head of the deceased was opened, a bird was discovered in the brain as large as a swallow, with a brazen beak and claws of iron.*

Elsewhere the Talmudic treatise "Pesachim," affirms, respecting the favourite symbolic number for perfection, that "seven things existed before the creation of the world; viz. the law, hell, paradise, repentance, the throne of glory, the temple, and the name of the Messiah." In a similar manner does the great Latin Father, St. Augustine, allegorize respecting the miraculous draught of fishes,

* The bird discovered in the brain of the Emperor Titus may be accounted for upon the principle of man's genealogy including both the *Tailor Bird* and *Solan Goose*, as we have shown at p. 56; just as the descent of one of our most eminent living statesmen has been traced to both the *animal* and the *vegetable* world. Mr. John Mill, describing the marvellous effect of Mr. D'Israeli's speeches upon his opponents, says, "Lord John Russell pulls his hat over his eyes until he looks *live a frog under a fungus*."—See "D'Israeli, the Author, Orator, and Statesman."

which he affirms to have amounted to 153 in number, because there were ten commandments in the decalogue, and seven graces of the Holy Spirit to enable man to fulfil them. "Now," says he, "if you count from 1 to 17, in the way of addition, as 10+7=17, you get 153." Others of the same allegorical school have discovered the perfection of the number 7,* to which we have already alluded, from the fact that Naaman dipped seven times in Jordan to be cured; there were seven baskets of fragments found after the miracle of feeding 5000; and the son of the Shunamite

* A remarkable instance of the value of this all-perfect number is recorded in the Annals of the Criminal Court in London. A hideous little wretch, who on account of his size, must have peen a descendant, on his maternal side, of the *Pygmie*, a species of "man-like ape" described by Professor Huxley, and, on account of his extreme ugliness, of the *gorilla* on his paternal side, was once tried for having captivated the affections of seven women at once, and for having married them before any one had died to make room for the other. This surpasses the case of a Prussian nobleman, who is said to play a rubber of whist with three ladies, who had respectively occupied the position of his wives, until released from the bonds of Hymen by the action of the Divorce Courts at Berlin.

sneezed seven times to prove his restoration to life. So the ladder in Jacob's dream, having necessarily two sides, was interpreted to signify the divine and human nature of Christ; and its *six steps* (why not seven?) were, by an allegory, shown to mean,—1, humility; 2, poverty; 3, wisdom; 4, patience; 5, mercy; 6, obedience; which all must mount in order to attain heaven.

Savonarola, the illustrious Florentine reformer of the fifteenth century, when preaching from Psalm lxxx. 13, "The wild boar out of the wood doth waste the Church," stops to notice somewhat minutely the habits of that animal, termed *Aper*, or wild boar, after the manner of Darwin, and by a singular coincidence, finds to each of them a corresponding vice in the priests of his time, which so *ryled* the consciences and ruffled the spirits of the Borgias and the dominant hierarchy, that, finding they could not answer his arguments, they thought it most convenient to stop his mouth by fire, faggot, and the stake.

Strabus of Fulda was a famous hand at allegorizing the Book of Job. He interprets the different constellations mentioned in chapter ix., as signifying the various states of the Church from the earliest times. *E.g. Arcturus* meant the Apostolic order at first, and subsequently the episcopal rulers of the Church; *Orion*, the state of the martyrs; *The Pleiades*, the doctors pouring out dogmas like rain; and *The Chambers of the South*, the hermits who always shun the sight of men.

Menot, a famous medieval preacher, proves that *dancing*, which Christina, Queen of Sweden, assured Whitelocke, Cromwell's ambassador, was a test of nobility,* must be a devilish recreation, because, when "tripping on the light fantastic toe," people move in circles, and in Job ii. 2, Satan is represented as saying, "I have gone *round about* the earth;" so in St. Peter our black adversary is represented as "*walking about*," which is

* See Guizot's "Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre," Vol. II. p. 75.

a sufficient proof by allegory against the sin of "dancing in circles."

Another medieval preacher is very powerful on the miracle of the 5000 fed with five loaves and two small fishes, which he considers much understated, as he argues very fairly: First of all, no women nor children are mentioned, and as there are always four times as many women as men at church, 5000 × 4 would bring the number to 20,000. Then again there must be a considerable addition for infants, if the ladies of that country resemble this; probably each had a baby whom she was suckling, and likewise a long train of elder children, who never ceased crying all sermon time, and bothering both preacher and hearers with their squalling. Moreover, added the preacher, they had no wine. And why did not our Lord give them wine? 1st, because the Sea of Galilee was nigh, where they might drink till they burst; 2nd, in greater proof of the miracle, by which they were enabled to do without drink; and 3rdly,

as a symbol of the eucharist, which is sufficient proof that wine is not wanted at the feast, and the absence of this confirms the doctrine of transubstantiation.

When Galileo first swept the heavens with his telescope,* he so excited the curiosity of his countrymen, that they used to besiege his house by day and night, in order to get a peep at the starry firmament. Before the Inquisition had time to condemn his teaching as heretical, as it eventually did, a Dominican Friar was employed to overthrow him and his admirers by the power of pulpit oratory, which he attempted to effect by the selection of this very apposite text from Acts i. 2, "Ye Galileans, why stand ye gazing up into the heavens?"

If the Western Church has thus put

* When Galileo affirmed that Jupiter had moons, and that the telescope showed more planets than the original seven as recognized by the ancients, a Florentine astronomer wrote that "as animals have only seven apertures in the head—viz: two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and one mouth —as there were seven metals, and seven days in the week, *so there could not possibly be more than seven planets.*" This is a very weighty argument, which we commend to the attention of both Archbishop Cullen and Bishop Colenso.

dancing and star-gazing under the same ban, smoking has been equally condemned by the Eastern Church, if we may judge from the reply given to the inquiries of Peter the Great. When that erratic monarch consulted the Russian clergy upon the propriety of introducing the fragrant weed within the bounds of his mighty empire, they stoutly opposed it upon the ground that it was positively prohibited in Scripture by these words:—"Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, *but that which cometh out of the mouth*, this defileth a man." Had the clergy of that day been sufficiently in advance of their age to have discovered a means of consuming their own smoke, as is done in the Underground Metropolitan Railway, we conclude they would not have objected to the charms of a delicious Havannah, which always produces a meditative, and sometimes even a narcotic effect upon its happy possessor:—

"Let others scent the velvet rose,
And perfumes give the pamper'd nose,
But mine the sweets thy sighs disclose—my mild cigar!

"Thy spirits gone, poor fragile thing,
But still thine ashes mouldering,
To me a valued lesson bring—my pale cigar!

"For when I watch with curious eyes
Thy soul ascending yonder skies,
It bids me hope, like thee, to rise—my frail cigar!"

Our own clergy at home, as well as their Eastern brethren abroad, have occasionally *allegorized* Scripture in a way somewhat difficult to comprehend. Thus have we heard of one amongst them, belonging to the *Tendimus in Latium** party, interpreting the expression of joy which filled St. Paul's heart at seeing the brethren, who had come from Rome as far as *Appii Forum* to meet him, when he is said to have thanked God and taken courage, that it was on account of his safe

* A lay friend of ours, meeting in a public conveyance a cleric of this school, remarked that he had heard him preaching the day before, and that he hoped some day to hear him again. "Oh!" said the cleric incautiously, "I am very happy to know this, and shall be glad if you will name the text from which I may preach on the occasion." "Then," replied our friend, who was given to stuttering, "I beg you—you—you will preach from Acts xxviii. 14: *And so we went towards Rome.*" On hearing this the cleric, as the Americans express it, "shut up," and his voice was heard no more.

arrival within the diocese of his fellow-apostle, St. Peter. So another of the same school discovered the grand doctrine of apostolical succession in the exhortation to be *wise as serpents, and harmless as doves*, by dividing his sermon, according to the recognized rule-of-three style, on this wise:—"We will consider," said he, "1st, the wisdom of the serpent; 2ndly, the harmlessness of the dove; 3rdly, *Apostolical succession.*

Note the preacher's consummate skill in *exegesis* which enabled him to discover an important truth in such unlikely soil. He might be likened to a famous doctor, who once discoursing with great eloquence on those words of the wisest of mankind, "In much wisdom is much grief," received from an admirer the following ode, which thus delicately sang his praise:—

"If all that you tell us, dear doctor, be true,
'*In wisdom is grief*,' how *wretched* are you!"

Bishop Hacket, in his "Scrinia Reserata," tells a story of a certain Hampshire

vicar, a worthy of the same school in days gone by, who appears to have possessed the art of conveying political aphorisms by means of public prayer. He was accustomed (in such a manner as to evade the notice of one section of his hearers while he secretly pleased the other) to change one word in the last verse of that glorious hymn known as the *Te Deum*,—"O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be a *roundhead* (confounded)!"

The Apocalypse, on account of its highly figurative language, has probably given rise to finer specimens of allegory than all the other books of Scripture put together. Thus it is recorded in Parliamentary history concerning that great pillar* of the Church, Lord Eldon, when, in the House of Commons, he opposed the famous East India Bill of the

* A distinguished Bishop, who knew Lord Eldon intimately, once said to us that he should have been termed a *buttress* rather than a *pillar*, as more descriptive of the support which he rendered to the Church, being "conspicuous" when in London by his absence from any place of worship.

Coalition Ministry on the following grounds. To the supreme astonishment of the assembled senators, he said:—"The Bill for the destruction of the East India Company has been drawn up about eighteen centuries ago. It is to be found in the Book of Revelation, under the title of the Beast rising out of the sea with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his head the name of blasphemy; and the description of the company's overthrow is stated under the term of *Babylon is fallen*, though it is evidently a mistake of the sacred writer to say that his power would only continue forty-two months, as the present Bill allows it the longer limit of four years, which is forty-eight months, and which I suppose, is the true reading of the text," &c.

We may imagine, though we cannot record, the answer which the witty Sheridan is reported to have given to this remarkable instance of legal hermeneutics; and we have every reason to believe that as it was the *first*

time, so it was the *last* of Sir John Scott's attempts to introduce allegory into the debates of the British Senate.

If churchmen, whether of the lay or clerical order, have been somewhat eccentric in their interpretations of Scripture, it cannot be expected that our dissenting friends should escape the contagion so common to speculative theologians of all schools alike. We have been reading of one who evidently thinks, to use a homely phrase, "no small beer of himself," since he publishes his name in full, who propounds with oracular authority an etymology of the word "Temple," which so frequently occurs in Scripture.

"It is derived," observes the good man, "from τεμ and signifies *cut*, whence the word *templum*, which means that portion of the heavens marked out by the Roman augurs with the sacred rod as the scene of their observations, so that the fundamental notion connected with the word is not *construction*,

but *separation.*"* Now, considering that *templum* is clearly from the Greek word ναος, which is derived from ναιω, to *inhabit* or *dwell*, we have as profound a satire upon Biblical criticism as the most determined Pyrrhonists could possibly have imagined.

Another term met with in the Pentateuch has been still more marvellously *allegorized* by a Dissenting Minister of the same school. "The *Urim* and *Thummim*," observed the worthy divine one day to his astonished flock, "were two precious stones set in the breast-plate of the High Priest, signifying *light* and *perfection*, by which God made known His will to the chief of His ministering servants on earth. But we, my brethren, need them not, for we have a surer means of knowing the Divine will, and, wonderful to relate, still by the Urim and Thummim, if we only alter *one single letter* in those mysterious words.

* We commend this masterly argument in proof of "schism" or separation having the sanction of Scripture, to the "Critical Examination" of Bishop Colenso.

Take your Bible, and if you will only *use-him* and *thumb-him* well, you will learn just as much as ever the High Priest of the Jews could do!"

One of the most *original* interpretations we ever met with in our limited acquaintance with Nonconformists, was that given by a gallant soldier with whom we happened to be conversing once on the subject of infant baptism. He had become persuaded that the opinions entertained by the *Anti-pædobaptists* were the correct ones; and upon our asking him who he considered was the first person that introduced infant baptism into the Christian Church, like his Alexandrian predecessor of old, finding some difficulty in solving that theological problem, after some hesitation he boldly cut the gordian knot by replying, with commendable gravity, that he thought "*Antichrist had done it!*"

Original as the above idea must be unquestionably deemed, it scarcely equals the curious reply which an unhappy wight at Cambridge

is reported to have given at a theological examination in the Senatorial inquisition house of that famous University. "Pray, sir," said the examiner to a trembling neophyte, "can you give an instance from Scripture of an animal with the power of speech, which has usually been supposed to be confined to the human race; and if so, be good enough to relate the words he is said to have uttered?"

"Oh! yes, sir," replied the scholar, catching at some confused idea of which he had once heard respecting Balaam and his ass, "I think I can."

"Pray, then, proceed," was the examiner's rejoinder, pleased with the thought that he had at length broached a subject with which the not-over brilliant youth seemed familiar, until he was overwhelmed and stunned with this memorable reply:—"*And the whale said unto Moses, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*"*

* The above may be compared with an answer which Dr. Chalmers, when discussing Malthusianism at a lecture in

It may be presumed that a similar train of reasoning filled the mind and occupied the thoughts of the Jesuit Bougeant, when he composed his grand work entitled, "Philosophical Amusement on the Language of Beasts;" in which he shows that every *ruminant* and loquacious animal is inhabited by a separate and distinct devil; and that not only was this the case with respect to cats, with whom familiar spirits, as is well known, fondly dwell, but that a peculiar devil swam with every turbot, grazed with every ox, soared with every lark, dived with every duck, and was roasted with every chicken.

No less original was the interpretation which a worthy Devonshire dame is reported to have adopted from the prophecy of Isaiah. She was overheard by a friend, who related the story, in conversation with another old cronie respecting the then recently discovered potato

Edinburgh, received in reply to his question, "Who was the father of the correct theory of population?" A pupil gravely arose, and with charming naïveté responded, "*Julius Cæsar.*"

disease, for which they were endeavouring to account upon philosophical principles. At length one said, "Well, after all it must be right, for does not God tell us in the Bible, *They shall lament for their teats?*" By a peculiar process of alliteration she had mentally connected *teats—taties—taturs* and *potaturs*, upon the same principle, we suppose, which derives cow-cumber or cu-cumber, as it is variously termed, from King Jeremiah, a derivation which is traced as follows. *King Jeremiah* and *Jeremiah King* are evidently one and the same person. He, by some, has been irreverently called *Jerry King*, or as some execrable regicides,* by further depriving him of his rights, term it *Jer. King, i.e. Girkin*, which we all know to be a *baby cucumber*. We scarcely think our fair Devonian's mode of

* We have heard of one in the present day, now writing M.P. after his dishonoured name, and desirous of insulting the House of Lords on account of some measure which they would not pass to please him, who reminded a public meeting of "the delicate operation in surgery which took place about 200 years ago in Whitehall," as the monster termed it, in order to enforce his republican notions.

accounting for the potato disease will be accepted in the Halls of Science, unless Darwin's theory of the intimate connection between animal and vegetable life, between *teats* and *taties*, be fully established. We have heard of another solution of this difficult problem, which we doubt not will prove more satisfactory to all our scientific readers.

The potato disease, or *potato-rot* as it may be more homely expressed, is supposed to be caused by the *rotatory* motion of the earth, upon which point all the really scientific men of the day are in perfect accord; and we recommend the Pyrrhonists, who will of course raise doubts upon this interpretation, to consult those who are most competent to express an opinion on the subject, viz. all commentators within their reach, *i.e.* every *commontatur*.

The above innocent interpretation of "the lament for the teats" reminds us of a severe reflection which has been passed upon the con-

duct of the fairer sex when supposed to be engaged in their devotions, and which the perpetrator of the atrocity has the confidence to imagine deserves the name of *Wit*. "What," he asks with murderous intent, "what do ladies *first* look for upon coming to Church? Do you give it up? Why, their hymns (*hims*) to be sure." "No," retorted that stout-hearted Churchman, the Bishop of —— when appealed to, with that sly pleasantry so characteristic of the man, "they don't do that in orthodox churches, they only do it in the *Chapels of Ease (? hees)*."

Once in bygone days, when we were travelling in that royal manner so admirably described by De Quincy, on the box seat of a coach, our Jehu related to us an interesting anecdote respecting the above-mentioned prelate, so famed for his descent, his eloquence, and his churchmanship. He confided to a friend the reason for his name being frequently adorned with an epithet pertaining more to the wash-

tub than to theology. "They tell me," said he, "that I am sometimes called *soapy;* I have been long puzzled to discover its meaning, but I believe it to be this. If I ever get into hot water with any of my clergy, I am sure to come out with *clean hands.*" Another *bon-mot* is recorded of the same grave Divine, in which his aptitude in reply was so signally marked, that it well deserves mention in the pages of history. Staying at a country-house with Lord P——, who is famed for his lengthy tenure of office, rivalling almost the age of Methuselah, one Sunday morning the genial Premier offered the Bishop a seat in his carriage for the nearest country church. The Divine declined, as he preferred walking, and boldly set forth with his loins girded and his pastoral staff in hand, for the laudable purpose of avoiding as far as possible any seeming infraction of the Sabbath. Before long down came a smart shower, and the carriage passing by at the moment, the noble Lord thrust out his head from the window, and

somewhat jeeringly saluted the pedestrian in the strains of Tate and Brady,—

> "How blest is he who ne'er consents,
> By ill advice to *walk*."

When the Bishop instantly rebuked the pleasantry of the Sabbath-breaker by this crushing rejoinder,—

> "Nor stands in sinners' way, nor sits
> Where men profanely talk."

The twelfth chapter of Proverbs, however, contains a more suitable description of the gentler sex than the above-mentioned story concerning feminine devotional customs, which has been most singularly interpreted. "A virtuous woman," says the wisest of mankind, "is a crown to her husband:" an undeniable truth in which all who think with Dr. *Norman* Macleod,* the editor of "Good Words," will

* It is related of this eminent divine that having once eulogised most highly, though not more highly than they deserved, the services of the class of *old maids*, one of their number writing in the *North British Daily Mail*, under the appropriate

cordially concur. Yet have we heard of two different interpretations given to this domestic aphorism, one of which is *quaint* and the other *questionable.* A clerical friend, engaged in performing public service in a retired country parish not far from his own, and having occasion to read the said chapter in the appointed lesson for the day, when he arrived at the passage mentioned above, he paused, and with an eccentricity of manner for which he was famous, and with a daring disregard of all proper feelings for the place, the occasion, women in general, and his own wife in particular, whose noble nature was the best practical contradiction to his execrable suggestion, proceeded to read the verse to the astonished bumpkins with the following interpolation,—"A virtuous woman—*if there be such a thing in the world*—is a crown to her

signature of "A Hitherto Unappropriated Blessing," said that the Doctor had so captivated the hearts of every old maid, that they had agreed to dub him "the Second *Norman* Conquest."

husband!" If such a specimen of *allegorizing* Scripture be worse than *questionable*, we have met with another reading of the same text which may be fairly denominated *quaint*. An afflicted widower records the deserts of his deceased wife on a tomb in the city of Hereford in the following curt and business-like way,—

"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband"—

proving that his ideas were more of a fiscal than a regal nature. It reminds us of the admirable reply which a Minister of State is reported to have given to old Queen Charlotte, when, desirous of shutting up St. James's Park, she very innocently inquired how much it would cost? "Only, madam," replied he, with refined wit, "*only three crowns.*"

Probably the passage which has exercised the skill and ingenuity of the Allegorists of all ages more than any other in the whole range of scripture science, is that wherein mention is made of a great "Beast," whose

name is mysteriously veiled under certain Greek numerals equivalent to the numbers 666. Multitudinous have been the attempts to interpret this passage, to turn this beast into something like shape, whose description is not unlike that of another beast so faithfully drawn by the great Latin poet,—

"Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

Some have endeavoured to solve the enigma by applying it to the Church of Rome in general, or to individual Popes in particular. One considers it to have been fulfilled in Mahomet; another in Martin Luther; a third in the Evil One himself; a fourth in Louis Napoleon, who has been so pointedly described by General Changarnier as "that perjured man who failed to corrupt me;" or as we may express it,—"whose views of the obligations of an oath are somewhat peculiar." But it was reserved for two distinguished men, of different ages and different schools in theology, to propound two of the choicest

specimens of interpretation which we ever recollect to have met with in the whole range of allegorical literature. The first is that of an eminent theologian of the last century, the illustrious Bengel, who thus expressed himself in a letter to a friend of the date of Dec. 24th, 1724:—"It is impossible for me to withhold from you a disclosure, which, however, I must request you to keep entirely to yourself. *By the help of the Lord I have found the number of the beast.* It is 666 years from A.D. 1143 to A.D. 1809!!!"

The other interpretation, by the learned Dr. John Henry Newman, whose powers in the regions of allegory have already been noticed, is of entirely a different nature. He considers that the number of the beast is to be found in the *Reformed British Parliament.** By which we are to understand that England has been under beastly rule during the last 30 years, ever since Lord John Russell's lucky hit transferred the power of the rotten boroughs from

* See Bunsen's "Hippolytus," Vol. II., p. 143.

the Monarchical Tories to the Oligarchical Whigs ! ! !

Few of the admirers of our nursery tales are aware that one of the most popular of them—viz. that one so familiarly known as "This is the house that Jack built,"—is a plagiarism from an ancient Jewish hymn, which is in reality an allegory, and is found in the "Sepher Haggadah," folio 23. The summary is as follows :—

"Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That killed the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money."

The following explanation of the allegory is given:—The kid, a clean animal, signifies the Hebrew nation. The father who purchased

it, Jehovah. The two pieces of money, Moses and Aaron. The cat, the Assyrians who carried the ten tribes into captivity. The dogs, the Babylonians who destroyed the Assyrians. The staff, the Persians who conquered the Babylonians. The fire, the Greeks under Alexander, who overthrew the Persian monarchy. The water, the Roman power which vanquished the Grecians. The ox, the Saracens who ejected the Romans from the Holy Land. The butcher, the Crusader who did the same for the Saracens. The angel of death, the Turkish power to which the Holy Land is still subject. The commencement, "Then came the Holy One, blessed be He," is designed to show that God will some day take signal vengeance on the Turks; immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and to live under the Government of their long-expected Messiah.

The *odium theologicum* is proverbially sharp and severe, and we have seen something of it

in our own times, when contending clerics have stoutly battled for their own peculiar views,* though happily the amenities which pass between them are more decently veiled than those of the last century, when Toplady, a clergyman of the Church of England, fulminated his bull, entitled "A Tar Barrel for the Old Fox," against the excellent and devoted John Wesley. But if we view all these sharp and bitter attacks under the beautiful light of

* One of the most remarkable specimens of the *odium theologicum* is to be found in the language which St. Jerome thought fit to adopt towards Vigilantius "the holy presbyter," as he once described him, and an earnest reformer of the fourth century. Having occasion to dissent from his peculiarities regarding soap and water, to which we have before alluded, see p. 109, the saint rebuked him with rhetoric which would have done equal honour to the purlieus of Billingsgate and the classic regions of Rome. "Many sorts of monsters have been born in this world. We read in Isaiah of centaurs and satyrs, owls and dragons. Job, in mystic language, describes the leviathan and the behemoth. The fables of the poets tell of Cerberus and the Stymphalidæ, of the Erymanthian boar, and the Nemean lion, of the chimæra and the many-headed hydra. Virgil describes Cacus. Spain gave birth to the three-formed Geryon. Gaul alone has had no monsters, but has always abounded in the bravest of men. *Suddenly arose Vigilantius.*" France has produced many monsters both before and since; but, in the estimation of Jerome, the church reformer was clearly the greatest beast ever known.

allegorical teaching, the sting is eliminated and the vinegar ceases to be sour.

Take for example the accusations brought against the members of the two prominent theological parties in the present day, one known as the Romanizing, or, as we should term it, the Necromantic, and the other the Pyrrhonistic or Sceptical, as, dubbed by some the High and the Broad Schools, they exist within the borders of our Mother Church.

When Mr. Maskell, a noted disciple of the former, thought fit to desert his aged parent for the allurements of "the fair lady in scarlet of the seven hills," he endeavoured to justify his backward step, so admirably described by the great Latin poet,

> "Facilis descensus Averni,
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est . . ."

upon the following singular grounds. He declared that his associates in the Church of

England held precisely the same doctrine as that of the Church of Rome, and therefore by a peculiar species of logic, which some with bad taste would pronounce *Irish*, he felt it right to prove to the world, that if he was *cradled* in the one, he considered it safer to be *coffined* in the other; mindful, possibly, of the old song—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

"I have heard," he tells us, in his "Letter on the present position of the High Church party in England," "both Clergy and Laity declare that they accept and believe all Christian truth, as it is explained in the decrees and canons of the Council of Trent;" and he adds, in the spirit of deepest philosophy, "For clergymen, bound as they are by subscription to our formularies, thus to speak, has always seemed to me amongst *the greatest of all achievements of human intellect*. Subtle as we know the mind of man to be, and wide its

range, I cannot but confess that the more I think of it, the more I am amazed at so wonderful an example of its power and capability." Had Mr. Maskell attempted to exculpate the behaviour of his allies upon allegorical grounds, in place of attributing it to intellectual achievement, we cannot but think he would have manifested a loftier sense of the distinction between right and wrong, as well as improved the relative position of all parties concerned.

So, when Bishop Colenso, the best abused man in the present day, and a fine specimen of the pyrrhonistic school, went forth most laudably to teach the natives of Natal the better way, he speedily found himself puzzled by a 'cute old Zuluander, who had upset all his previous ideas respecting the historical truth of the Scriptures by a single glance. The Bishop tells us that he shall never forget "the look" which this ancient worthy gave him when he was expounding unto him the Mosaic law respecting the treatment of slaves.

We have often heard of the power of speech, as well as of an angry look or a winning smile, but probably this glance of the old Zuluander may prove more potent in its *future* results than any that has ever been shot from the eye of a son of Adam. For, like the hero "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome," the Bishop had no sooner felt its power, than he rushes off to England, "big with the fate of Moses and the look," and, afflicted with the prevalent disease, *cacoethes scribendi*, he commits himself, without a moment's hesitation or preparation, to his "Critical Examination of the Pentateuch," in which a knowledge of Hebrew, of historic testimony, and even of plain Cocker-like arithmetic, as some assert, are superbly set at defiance. "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!" was the natural exclamation of an afflicted saint of old; and the opponents of the good Bishop appear to have had their wish gratified to the fullest extent in this recent importation from the far-distant Diocese of Natal.

It is singular to witness the different reception which this wonderful book has met with from the reviewers in the present day. By the *Triton* of the press—the *Times*, or Thunderer as it was once called, after its prototype "the cloud-compelling Jove,"—it has been pronounced to be perfectly "contemptible as a work of criticism." By the *minnows* of the literary world, it has been considered so powerful an *exposé* of errors that, to use the words of one of the Bishop's Vindicators, "Moses and the Pentateuch may be considered as smashed and gone."

As the *Times*, notwithstanding its contempt for the Bishop's destructive efforts, continues to speak of "*the Bible being now in special jeopardy*" in consequence thereof, we claim a right to protest against such a misapprehension. This, like all other popular delusions, is one of the grand mistakes of the present day. We have heard that when vaccination was introduced by that great benefactor of the human race, Dr. Jenner, it was

popularly said that the human race would be liable to a growth of *horns in consequence;* and we recollect an instance of a great pluralist, combining the various offices of parish clerk, schoolmaster, cobbler, tithe-collector, and town tailor, who resisted our endeavours to persuade him to have his children vaccinated, upon these philosophical principles,—"What, sir, do you think that I would consent to have *the matter of a baste* (sic) *put into a Christian?*"

Now, with the exception of certain learned *savants*, who seem to pride themselves in endeavouring to prove the *beastly* origin of man, whether as possessing *horns* on his head, or a monkey's appendage at his *tail*, and who necessarily reject the authority of Scripture, we venture to assert that there are no persons deserving of the name of reasonable beings, or, as we might call them, *rationalistic ruminants*, who consider the "Bible to be in jeopardy" by anything which the Bishop of Natal has said, or thought, or done on the subject. Some are bold enough to assert that if his attempts

at Biblical criticism were to undergo the same microscopic examination which he has given to the Pentateuch, it would be speedily seen that he is, after all, only the feeble plagiarist of abler and more honest infidels. The great wonder of the age is, how he can satisfy himself, as he doubtless has done, of the propriety of retaining his bishopric, together with such a peculiar license of language against that which Christians have regarded for nearly twenty centuries as sacred and true.

Nevertheless, it may be permitted us to question the justice both of the praise and the blame which has covered the head, and perhaps turned the brain, of our right reverend brother from Natal, upon these grounds:— 1st. The grave doubts we entertain as to the existence of such a person as Bishop Colenso, though the photographers have produced the portrait of a man with an episcopal apron, in a pensive attitude, to which his name has been attached; but even then, it is not quite certain whether it is his *bodily* or *spiritual* likeness which has been taken, for,

according to recent intelligence from that land of marvels, America, the photographers there, who deal in table-turnings and ghostly rappings, have succeeded in taking likenesses of spirits called from the "vasty deep," without requiring any bodily presence, which has hitherto been supposed necessary on such occasions. 2nd. It has been suggested that the bishop may have pretended Pyrrhonism, in order to see how readily the out-and-out Herodian infidels, and the semi-sceptical Christians, would bolt his thinly-disguised bait. 3rd. Others have supposed the work in question to be a forgery, because it has hitherto been thought impossible that a chief ruler of the Church, who has sworn several times to his belief in the truth of Scripture, and has been compelled by his office to impose the same oath on others, should endeavour, *coûte que coûte*, to prove the Bible a lie. The originator of this suggestion is evidently unacquainted with the extensive achievements of the human intellect, to which allusion has

already been made, and which may account for the loftiest heights or the profoundest depths that any of the children of men, whether Necromancers or Pyrrhonists, have as yet attained.

Spinoza, the learned German Pyrrhonist, declared, two centuries ago, "it was as clear as the noon daylight that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, but by one who lived many ages after him." The Bishop of Natal, or the forger of his name, appears to have adopted the same view, and to have stolen his *criticisms* on the subject with the same pretensions to originality as the infidel poet who sang—

"For all the books of Moses
Were nothing but supposes:
And he deserved rebuke, sir,
Who wrote the Pentateuch, sir;
'Twas nothing but a sham.

"And as for Father Adam,
With Mistress Eve, his madam,
And what the serpent spoke, sir,
Was nothing but a joke, sir,
And a well invented flam!"

One of the Bishop's arguments against Moses having been the author of the Pentateuch, consists in the fact, that the writer (whoever he be) represents the priest "carrying a whole bullock on his back," as great a distance as that from St. Paul's, London, to the outer suburbs of the metropolis, according to the calculation of the great arithmetician from Natal. A recent advertisement in an Irish paper sufficiently sets aside the force of the episcopal objection, as we gather from it that even the females of some countries have strength enough to carry a bullock and twins at the same time:—"Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Foggerty; *she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow*, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully!" This advertisement is somewhat indistinct as regards the ownership of the red hair and the dorsal black spots; and it is not certain which was the squinter, whether Madame O'Foggerty, the babies, or

the Guernsey cow; but there is satisfactory proof that the lady carried a bullock in her arms, to say nothing of her babies, at the same time; and this muscular feat which has been done by a delicate female in the nineteenth century, could doubtless have been performed with ease by a sturdy male of the priestly order under the Mosaic dispensation. So much for the good Bishop's objection to the Veracity of the Pentateuch.

The last phase in the Colenso controversy, if it be admitted that such an individual really exists, relates, according to the public journals, to an interesting question in natural history. It appears that the Bishop of Natal has met the furious onslaught of his spiritual brethren, who have risen *vi et armis* against his pretensions to the name of a biblical critic, by assuring them and the public that as the Bible says, "the hare chews the cud," and that distinguished *savant*, Professor Owen, says, "the hare does *not* chew the cud," *verb. sat sap.* "Rome has spoken, and the cause has termi-

nated," and therefore, in the eyes of every reasoning creature, the Bible must be pronounced unhistoric, unscientific, and uninspired; or, to make a long story short, and adopting our homely and monosyllabic Saxon tongue, therefore *the Bible is a lie!*

Now, had the good Bishop, in place of consulting Professor Owen, for a very much less learned man would have readily assured him that the hare is *not a ruminant*, or four stomached animal, only looked into the first Hebrew dictionary at hand, in which language he has proved himself so great an adept, he would have seen reason to doubt whether the word *arnebeth* designates the same animal as an English hare. Had he referred to the Septuagint translation of the Bible, which, as having been made by learned Jews, more than 2000 years ago, ought to have more weight in the controversy than our admirable English version, he would have found the word "hedgehog" in the place of "hare." Had he further looked

into his German Bible, with which language he is doubtless well acquainted, as being that of the country whence the great Pyrrhonists originally came, he would have seen that what we translate "chewing the cud," is there more aptly rendered by *wiederkäuen*, which signifies to "chew again," and which sufficiently describes the mode of mastication as performed by hares and hedgehogs alike. Had he thought fit to consult Aristotle, a distinguished naturalist, who lived somewhat before these days of criticisms and doubts, he would have said upon this authority "that the hare has this in common with animals which chew the cud, that we find a coagulum, or something curdled, in its stomach." Hence the poet Cowper, in his account of the three tame hares which he domesticated and fondly watched, made use of a very natural expression, without being guilty of a lie, when he wrote, "I made it my custom to carry them always after breakfast into the garden, where

they hid themselves, generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or *chewing the cud*, until the evening."

Admitting, then, that "*the hare*" is the animal which the Jews were forbidden to eat, because it consumes much time at its dinner, just as the Germans do, even though it cannot be properly classed among the *ruminants*, and understanding the term "*coney*," which was equally, and for the same reason, forbidden to the Israelites, to refer to a species of "*diminutive rhinoceros*," as some palæontologists have considered, we are in a position to offer an allegorical explanation of the prohibition, which deserves the attentive consideration of Bishop Colenso, and all other "critical examiners of the Pentateuch." The *rhinoceros* is the undoubted original of the *unicorn*, which for centuries has been one of the two supporters of the coat of arms belonging to the sovereigns of England. The *lion*, as is well known, is the other. Sir Lytton Bulwer, in one of his "sensation novels" which we

recollect reading between thirty and forty years ago, instructs us on this wise:—Before the sale of game was licensed by the legislature, it was customary for the hotels of the higher class to offer to their visitors the forbidden produce of the field under the *nom de guerre* of wild animals. Thus, the "*hare*" appeared on the *carte* under the tasteful hieroglyphic of a *lion*. Hence, by the terms "hare" and "coney" we may lawfully understand the "lion" and "unicorn," which Moses, or the author of the Pentateuch, under the form of an allegory, forbade the Jews to eat, as he clearly foresaw that in the course of ages they would be admitted *to all the privileges of the British Constitution*, and it would have been unbecoming and disloyal for them to eat the chief supporters, and possibly the original ancestors, of the English sovereigns and people.

We have now done with Dr. John Colenso, of Natal; and should time prove that he is not a mere myth, but a real live bishop, and that his work, which has been, by a stretch of

courtesy, called* "A *Critical* Examination of the Pentateuch," is neither a bait for sceptics at home, nor a trap for puzzled Zuluanders abroad, but a genuine attempt to combine Christianity and infidelity in one heterogeneous mass, we may not unfairly apply to him what was once said of another critic, that "he stole away from his diocese intending to perpetrate *murder*, but that he has committed *suicide* instead."

However, we may confidently assert that all these and many other similar eccentricities of our theological critics, whether Necromancers or Pyrrhonists, Stoics or Epicureans, may be easily explained; not, as some have attempted to do, upon the theory of "non-natural interpretation," but by simply regarding them, like Origen and the medieval preachers,

* We quote the following opinion of the work in question by the author of a "Vindication of Bishop Colenso," without attempting to explain its hidden meaning:—"It is impossible to account for either the ignorance, the levity, or the irreverence displayed in this grotesque parody, without supposing that somebody *very different* from a Bishop penned it."

as much given to tropes and figures; in short, as proving that man is essentially, as we have now shown him to be, a devoted lover of ALLEGORY.

CHAPTER V.

Man as an Orator.

It is recorded of Mr. Pitt, that being once pressed at a convivial party to say what lost literary treasure he most desired, he gave his vote in favour of a speech of Lord Bolingbroke, who is best known to the present generation as the author of that famous saying, "History is philosophy teaching us by example;" by which we have probably profited more than any other nation in the world.

How finely has the greatest master of ora-

tory in our days, the venerable Lord Brougham, observed on this subject, when with the pen of a "ready writer" he thus apostrophises the eloquence of speech:—"The mighty flood rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusion, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles, descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, or spreads itself out shining in illustrations, its course is ever onward and ever entire; never scattered, never stagnant, never sluggish. At each point manifest progress has been made, and with all that art can do to charm, strike, and please. No sacrifice, even the smallest, is ever made to effect; nor can the hearer ever stop for an instant to contemplate or admire, or throw away a thought upon the great artist, till all is over, and the pause gives time to recover his breath."

If ancient Greece could boast of her Demosthenes, Rome of her Cicero, and

England of her Bolingbrokes, Foxes, Pitts, Burkes, and that other eloquent Irishman who for his oratorical gifts has been so tersely described by a noble poet as—

"The worthy rival of the wondrous three"—

if, moreover, we were warranted in affirming, as we have ventured to do in the chapter on the *Origin of Man*, that the finest specimen of the *genus homo* is to be found in a veritable John Bull, it necessarily follows that his eldest son, John Bull, Esq., junior, or, as he is sometimes familiarly called, "Brother Jonathan," must be finer still, both on the Horatian principle, so charmingly expressed—

"O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior;"

and also as being in accordance with a favourite toast in the Far West, which was frequently given at post-prandial periods, 'mid the feast of reason and the flow of soul:—"Here's to the people which whipped the nation that whopped the world!"

Though this sentiment may appear some-

what "bumptious," as it is termed at Cambridge, or, in the more expressive nomenclature of America, to partake of the nature of what is called "Buncombe," it scarcely becomes us to object to it, considering that a favourite toast amongst the Yorkshire bucolics, during the long war with France, which appears to have been redolent of murder in more senses than one, was to this effect:—"Let us drink to the shin of beef;"* by which they mysteriously avowed their preference for the bony part (*Bonaparte*), whose supreme contempt for the obligations of an oath, in which he has been so faithfully followed by the nephew of "mine Uncle," naturally caused wars, which sustained high prices, and thus satisfied the Plutonic and Marsaic desires of our worthy yeomen.

* A favourite Jacobite toast, after the death of our "glorious deliverer," William III. was even worse. "The little gentleman in the velvet jacket;" *i.e.*, the mole, which raised the mound, that tripped up the horse that carried the king, which caused him to fall, and then to die, and England to mourn for her departed great one.

But to return to "Brother Jonathan," our first-born, the child of our bosom, and of that famous land which has been so extensively described as "bounded on the North by the aurora-borealis, on the East by the rising sun, on the West by the horizon, and on the South as far as we choose to go!"* Nothing perhaps proves the vast superiority of the Americans over the rest of the civilized world than their power of speech, and their marvellous eloquence, proving that in those favoured parts of the earth man is indeed what this chapter is designed to show—a perfect *orator*. Whether exercised on things great or small, at home or abroad, in the Senate-house at Washington or from the stump of a tree, Saxon Oratory, or Yankee Buncombe of the "high-falutin" style, as it may be more familiarly termed, is gigantic, overwhelming, and grand in the extreme.† Like the poet's

* Let Louis Napoleon remember Mexico and beware!

† Some of our home critics, with unbecoming jealousy, con-

picture of the ocean, which laves the shores of America for so many thousands of miles, it may be described as

"Boundless, endless, and sublime!"

Their fondness for an unlimited indulgence in sesquipedalian words may be discovered in a supposed affinity between their oratorical language and that of the N.W.A. Indians, of which the following single word, consisting of forty-two letters, signifying "our question," affords a curious specimen: "Kummogdo-konattoottummooditeaongannunnonash."*

sider that many of the Yankee orators recall to mind Prior's famous lines:—

"And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say;
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead their causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint."

* John Wesley is said to have preached for an hour to some simple folk in monosyllables; he would probably have found some difficulty had his discourse been in the N.W.A. Indian language. The German tongue, however, has produced a word of still greater dimensions than the one given in the text, and as its signification is connected with *bagpipes*,

At times their oratory appears to reach the climax of the Frenchman, who, when viewing the stupendous cataract of Niagara, and unable to give adequate utterance to his feelings of admiration by the usual Gallican expletives of *grande, magnifique, superbe,* conceived that he could best satisfy the requirements of the case in a foreign tongue, so turning to a native who happened to be standing near, he exclaimed, in the exuberance of his joy, "*Saare, prettee well!*" How thrilling must have been the eloquence of a gallant Yankee General, who, as Captain Basil Hall heard mentioned in the Senate at Washington, stirred up his followers on the battle-field by a speech almost as short and pithy, if not quite as elegant, as the *veni, vidi, vici* in which Cæsar described one of his victories. "This action," said an honourable member, with the utmost gravity, "may not have been attended with all the pomps and circum-

we presume its correct pronunciation is only attainable by a prolonged squeak of that delectable instrument of music. It possesses forty-nine letters, and is written as follows:

"Constantinopolitanischerdudelsackpfeiffenverwalter."

stances of speeches and proclamations that have accompanied other occasions; for the only proclamation of the commander, the fearless Stark, was—'There is the enemy.' His only speech—'We will beat them, or this night Mary Stark is a widow!'"

We find another instance of lofty eloquence, or, as it is sometimes more familiarly termed, "tall talk," in the person of the illustrious Senator Elijah Podgram, who defended one of his constituents, a delinquent postmaster, charged with having embezzled about 9,000 dollars of the public money, in the following flowery speech:—

"True, he was rude, so air our bars—true, he was rough, so air our buffalars. But he was a child of nature, and a son of freedom; and his answer to the tyrant and the despot was, that his home was in the bright setting sun!"

It is somewhat difficult to decide which is most to be admired, the rude logic of the orator, or the supreme contempt for the first principles of morality, so patent in the above choice *morceau* of Yankee eloquence.

The Senates of the different States in America, as may be supposed, are not unfrequently the scenes of glowing and unsurpassed eloquence, to which the boasted oratory of the British Parliament can make no pretensions. Witness the following speech of General Riley,* a distinguished worshipper of Mars, delivered in the Missouri House of Representatives, on Feb. 8th, 1861. It appears to have been well reported, and reads as follows :—

"Mr. Speaker: Everybody is pitching into this matter, *like toad frogs into a willow swamp* on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin ethereal atmospheric air. *(Applause.)* Sir, I want to put in a word—perhaps a word and a half. There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn cobs. In the language of the ancient Roman—

> 'Come once, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base—in a pig's eye.'

Now there has been a good deal of bombast here to-day. Sir,

* It will doubtless remind the English reader of the great Lord Chatham, who was defined by Walpole as "that terrible cornet of horse," when he tried to muzzle him and couldn't.

the question to refer is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge, sir, a large, unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, the debate has assumed a *latitudinosity*. We have had a little black-jack *buncombe*, a little two-bit buncombe, bombast buncombe, and much other kind of buncombe. Why, sir, give some of them a little Southern soap, and a little Northern water, and,—quicker than a hound can lick a skillet,—they will make enough buncombe lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven. (*Cheers* and *laughter*.) I allude to the starry firmament. I want to say to these *carboniferous** gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these *peregrinous* individuals, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. (*Laughter* and *applause*.)

* This unusual epithet, as applied by the great American orator to the human race, may be variously understood, either as descriptive of man's martial propensities educed by poking up, as you do a coal fire, the fiery nature which rages within him; or else as pointedly referring to his *vegetable* origin, which we have before noticed at length. The late George Stephenson once defined *coal* to be the product of "bottled light," which having been absorbed by plants and vegetables millions of years ago, as necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, is liberated by the efforts of our carboniferous coalheavers, and made to work in supplying the various wants of mankind. General Riley admits that he was considered "a diminutive tuber" by some of his colleagues, which likewise points to man's vegetable origin.

Perhaps you think I am a *diminutive tuber*, and sparse in the mundane elevation. You may discover, gentlemen, you are labouring under as great a misapprehension as though you had *incinerated* your inner vestment. Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right angles with the horizon, spanned by the azure arc of the illustrious firmament, bright with the coruscations of innumerable constellations, and *proud as a speckled stud-horse on a county court day.* (*Cheers.*) 'But how have the mighty fallen!' is the language of the poet Silversmith.* We have lost our position. We have assumed a *sloshindicular* or a *diagonological* position. And what is the cause? Echo answers, 'Buncombe,' sir, 'Buncombe.' The people have been fed upon buncombe, while a lot of spavined, ringboned, hamstrung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, spit-hoofed, distempered, poll-eviled, pot-bellied politicians have had their noses in the public crib until there aint fodder enough left *to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper.* (*Cheers* and *laughter.*) I am mighty afraid the machine is going to stop. The grease is going out thundering fast. It is beginning to creak on its axis. Gentlemen, it is my private opinion, confidentially expressed, that all the grit is pretty near worn off. (*Cheers.*) Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if any body

* Possibly the honourable member meant "Goldsmith" instead of "Silversmith." If so, it is another instance of the truth of the German proverb, "Speech is silvern, silence is golden."

gets peppered, it aint my fault if they are in the way. Sir, these *candadical, super-squirtical,* mahogany-faced gentry, what do they know about the blessings of freedom? These are the ones that have got our liberty pole off its perpendicularity. The high bird of liberty sits on the topmost branch, but there is *no secession salt on his glorious tail.* I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let no Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wings to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast; or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. (*Applause.*) Alas! poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship while *water grows and grass runs.* (*Immense applause.*) Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present!"

We have *italicised* certain portions of this remarkable speech, in order to invite the reader's special attention to the beautiful tropes and metaphors with which it abounds, as well as to certain newly-coined words, of whose etymology we are at present somewhat uncertain. We are obliged to confess our ignorance as to which of the Roman poets was guilty of that very original idea of

the "flying rock" and the "pig's eye," but we suppose there may be a hidden allusion to the common saying that the pork *genus* are usually blind, which can only be accounted for by the *stye* in their eyes. And we must question whether the quotation, "How have the mighty fallen!" is lawfully fathered upon "the poet Silversmith," for we have hitherto supposed it belonged to the great Hebrew poet, in his lament over King Saul and his son Jonathan,* of which indeed the orator must have been aware, as his concluding metaphor of "water growing and grass running," is a distinct Hebraism, just as David, in Psalm xcv., speaks of "the *people* of his pasture, and the *sheep* of his hand," and proves the speaker's intimate acquaintance with Jewish literature. Possibly, however, the gallant General thought it lawful to "annex" the original ideas of poets of all ages and all climes, by appropriating them to his own fatherland, upon the sacred principle

* See 2 Sam., i. 17-19.

of supporting the domestic institution of one's country, even to the final extent of the Roman aphorism,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

It is not, however, in the Senate that the most genuine displays of Yankee eloquence take place. There is a freedom and a vigour about their oratory, which seems more suited to the region of the "stump," than the calm and philosophic order which should ever reign in the place where laws are made. The following speech was delivered by a candidate for senatorial honours, at a recent election in Toronto, of the United States, before the little difficulty of the Trent affair arose, and we may be sure was eminently successful:—

"Feller citizens and horses, hurrah! There's got to be a war. I'm for whipping Great Britain right off, without stopping for compliments. We must hustle the British lion heels over head out of the everlasting borders of this here western continent. Hurrah for the annexation of Canada! We must have the critter neck and heels, if we have to

wade in blood to our knees to pull it from the horns of John Bull. We must do it. Where's the 'possum whose little soul don't echo them sentiments? He ain't nowhere, and never was. Can't you, and I, and every one of us, rouse up the wolf of human nature till he'll paw the whole of Old England clear down below the low water mark? Yes, Sir-ee. Every citizen of this tall land,—from the owl on the hemlock tub to the President in his great arm-chair,—is in favour of this all thundering and liberty-spreading measure! Just let them glorious ideas pop into the United States' cranium rairly, and see if an earthquake shout from 26,000,000 of India-rubber lungs don't shake the whole earth, crack the zenith, and knock the very poles over! I tell you there is nothing on this side of the millennium like our own everlasting institution; for you can't scrape up a flock of civilized beings on the face of the universal *terra firma* who know so well how to defend and spread them. Where's the Yankee who wont vote for his country within three-quarters of an inch of his life, if it tries his soul, yes, and his upper-leather, too? What's England? Why, it aint anything at all, scarcely. *Uncle Sam will take it yet for a handkerchief to blow his nose upon when he gets a cold.* We are bound to wake up snakes, and no mistake. Let us once get hold of the job in right earnest, with all of Uncle Sam's boys, and if we don't dig a hole as deep as eternity with the spades of Yankee pluck, and scum the grease spots off the face of the world, and pitch them clear to the bottom of it, then I am no two-legged crocodile. When this is done, you will set the great roaring eagle of liberty like a big rooster crowing on the top of a barrel. Why, you are all

ready and primed for the onset,—all you want is a live coal or two of fire dropped on devoted heads to touch you off. Methinks the flashes of fire in your eyes to-day forebode blood and thunder,—only mind you don't flash in the pan! If you all do your bounden duty in this crisis, *you'll spit the tobacco juice of determination into John Bull's eyes till he has the staggers, when you can take him by the tail and swing him beyond all recollection!* Rouse ye, rouse ye, to the rescue. Let the shout penetrate every nook and cranny in North America—from the tip top of the Arctic regions clear of the Straits of Gibraltar. Canada and the United States for ever! begot in a war'hoop, born in blood, cradled in thunder, and brought up in glory!"

The above specimen of Jonathan Stump's eloquence, which for splendour of imagery, the force of imagination, and tremendous power of oratory, stands almost unrivalled, is peculiarly appropriate at this important crisis in the history of America, when our Yankee cousins have been compelled to eat an uncomfortably large slice of that famous pie commonly known as "humble," both in the forcible release of the "rebels" Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and also in the repeated and unexpected defeats which they have received from

the chivalry of the South. It affords, likewise, a fine illustration of that newly-coined term which has been introduced into our theological literature, viz. "muscular Christianity," at least so far as it is allowable to apply any term connected with that which is essentially a religion of peace to those who appear to have a remarkable fondness for war.

Nor is such vigorous eloquence confined to the atmosphere of the political world. It occasionally graces the scenes of the judicial courts,—if we may judge from the following speech, which was delivered not long ago in Wisconsin by an eminent lawyer, who seems to have entertained a very decided aversion to capital punishment, and whose remarkable style of logic appears to have been successful, in this instance, in saving his client from that punishment which Scripture and civilization alike have hitherto considered his due.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said this prince of advocates, "the case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the point as 'No' from your sweetheart. The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not

kill.' Now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client's having killed a man; but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in 'guilty,' the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers! Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen, who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal vertebræ, until the spinal vertebræ of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the internal prerogative! Beware, I say. Remember the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark, and trembled. Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking timepiece of Time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no

murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of our emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American eagle, that whipped the universal game-cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of Time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And, lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long-tailed coats, if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you, if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided, small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctibility, acquit my client, and save your country!"

It is needless to add, after such a powerful peroration of "tall talk," that the prisoner was "acquitted."

Admirable, unquestionably, as the logic of the above speech must be deemed by all impartial reasoners, it hardly equals the excellent defence made by a "Down East" lawyer to an action in the civil courts, as recorded by the "Vermont Mercury":—

"There are three points in the cause, may it please your Honour," said the defendant's counsel. "In the first place we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it;

secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and, thirdly that we never had it!"

Nor is the American pulpit behind either the Senate or the Forum in the power of oratory, if the following specimen is a fair sample of the style of our Cousin Jonathan's preaching. We have read of a clergyman, in one of his sermons, thus apostrophising his congregation:—"Eternity! Why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time!"

Surely such an address must have been sufficient to have prevented the congregation from adopting that memorable mode of

thought attributed to an English rustic, who replied to an inquirer about his observance of the Sabbath as a "day of rest,"—"Lawks, sir, I goes to church, tucks up my feet, puts my head back at sermon-time, and *thinks of nothing!*"

It presents, however, a striking contrast to the effect of another sermon, which Sir Charles Lyell relates as having heard in an American church, consisting of "black"* Methodists.

* Our "white" Methodists at home appear to be equally quaint in some of their religious customs, judging from the choral performances at one of their fashionable chapels, where the hymns set to opera tunes are sung as follows:—"My poor *pol*—my poor *pol*—my poor polluted heart." Another line received this quaint rendering:—"And in the *pi*—and in the *pi*—and in the pious he delights." And still another was sung:—"And take thy *pil*—and take thy *pil*—and take thy pilgrim home." The disadvantage of this unnatural mode of division is still more apparent in a couplet of the metrical version of a Psalm, of which we have heard as being sung and *stopped* as follows:—

"The Lord will come and he will not;—
Keep silence but speak out!"

The most remarkable instance we ever heard of the importance of "minding your stops" is contained in the following true tale:—A British nobleman having engaged the celebrated

He heard the Negro preacher observe parenthetically during his discourse, and with the utmost simplicity,—"Sirs and Madam, I have now to warn you of a serious matter, but I see many of you are nodding, so let every one wake up his neighbour. The sexton, poor man, has more than he can do!"

Surpassingly great, however, as Yankee *prose* must be deemed, no less striking is their *poetry*, if the following may be considered a fair specimen of their lyrical powers. When a prize for a suitable national ode at the commencement of the rupture between the North and South was competed for, it appears from the report that there were no less than 1200

Dr. S——, of Edinburgh, to attend his wife during her confinement, finding that the little stranger had arrived sooner than was expected, telegraphed to the North, in order to prevent the Doctor's unnecessary journey, with the usual brevity—"Don't come; too late." Unfortunately for the peer the clerk transmitted the message without the important stop, as follows:—"Don't come too late." The Doctor instantly started for London, and finding his services were not required, consoled himself by demanding and obtaining, after a successful action, his fee amounting to £1000.

candidates for the *Gradus ad Parnassum.* Of the twelve hundred contributions sent in, the judges reserved thirty for a second reading, fifteen for a third, while not one was deemed sufficiently good to deserve or obtain the prize. One competitor sent an ode entitled "The Nation's Bride," accompanied by the following frank avowal of patriotism combined with the *auri sacra fames.* "I send to your committee for consideration the foregoing object and prize, the *only* inducement being our nation's glory and the need of the money offered."

"And lo, here is the side saddle,
Which the *bride*, with her horse and bridle,
May at her pleasure take her ride
In the buoyancy of her pride."

Another poet writes:—

"While men their brothers' blood are spilling,
The muses seem to be unwilling
To sing a strain about the nation complimentary at all,
While there is such an envious feeling,
Or one is from the other stealing."

A third adds:—

"All hail our country great,
May she never falter,
But every *darn'd** Secessionist
Be hung up by a halter."

One of America's greatest poets, Mr. "Tramway" Train, who not long ago visited this country upon a commercial speculation, which eventuated in his "coming to grief," and causing his noble soul to be cribbed and confined to the unsympathizing walls of a

* We hope that this poetical imprecator means *darn'd* with cotton, and not a more offensive word. An editor of the Far West, when starting for the war, issued a valedictory address to his readers, combining an uncommon amount of poetry, pathos, and patriotism, which deserves a permanent record in this country:—

"Again we bid you all good-bye,
With a throbbing heart and a tear-dimmed eye,
Which Heaven grant, may soon be dry,
And war's fell devastation cease,
Beneath the pure, white wings of Peace.
Then we'll return to home again,
O'er winding river, hill, and plain,
Throw down the glittering sword and spear,
And none to harm and none to fear,
And one great tomb, in letters fresh,
Shall bear these words—*Here lies Secesh.*"

debtor's prison, gave utterance to the feelings of his heart upon his return home, concerning the unhandsome treatment he had met with in the "Mother country." It is not favourable as might be supposed. Speaking of the aristocracy, he observes:—"Three fourths of the *wealthy* nobles are hopelessly bankrupt. Dine at the West End. The more style, the less substance. That plate came from round the corner. Those servants were hired for the occasion. The carriage is jobbed. The furniture is not paid for. There is a bailiff in the kitchen. Aristocracy is a sham." A fair English lady, however, in admiration of his "patriotic course," attempted to redeem the character of her country from these merited reproaches by bribing him with "a large box of pies and tarts." Having devoured the pastry, he thus feelingly apostrophises the gentle donor:—"Who can she be? There is sunshine in the gaol. That lady has a kind heart; shall I ever know her

name? I will be *less severe on England for her sake*:—

"A little word in kindness given,
A motion or a tear,
Will oft-times heal the soul that's riven,
And make a friend sincere."

The most recent importation from America affords a very choice specimen of the powers of one of the great poets of that remarkable country. The poet laureate of England had welcomed our charming Princess of Wales to the shores of her adopted country in strains which deeply touched all hearts. The poet laureate of Yankee-land improved the occasion as follows; though he will doubtless be considered by some in the light of a plagiarist—

"Old Salt's daughter, from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, Bull, with melodious bleat!
Welcome her, blundering gain of the street!
Tell her "the lion can never be beat!"
Scatter the populace under her feet!

Break, happy land, into riot and fight!
Make music, O waits, in the dead of the night!
Welcome her, beer-drinking, beef-eating wight!
Read to her sermons from Reverend Blair!
Flutter the red rag in every one's sight!
Words from the windy orators tear!
Raise a wild rumpus in city and shire!
Clang all the bells to the Rogue's March air!
Britons, in joy set your houses on fire!
Welcome the bride of the son of his sire,
Alexandra!

"Old Salt's daughter, as happy as fair,
Bride of a meekly blushing heir,
Whose whiskers can scarcely be called a pair!
Hurrah for the pudding, hurrah for the plums!
Love us and keep us all under your thumbs!
For English, or Scotch, or Irish are we,
Cockney or swell, or whatever we be,
We are each all snob in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

With such poetical geniuses, of which Yankee-land may well be proud, we may be permitted to express our surprise that the prize for a suitable national ode was not adjudged to one of the above mentioned candidates; but there is no accounting for judicial decisions, especially as the

specimens we have given appear to resemble the early effusions of one Isaac Watts, who is famed for a world-wide renown in the region of verse. Much given to rhyming as a child, he is said to have so offended his father, a pedagogue of the old school, that when the latter proceeded to coercive measures by means of a leathern thong on the cuticle of that part of the body which has from time immemorial been devoted to such inflictions, the boy, in the midst of torture, gave utterance to his overflowing feelings in the following strain :—

> "O, Father, do some pity take,
> And I will no more verses make."

We have met with other specimens of vigorous poetry which deserve notice. One, for example, is to be met with in the visitor's book of an American hotel, near the splendid falls of the Trenton river, which reads as follows :—

> "Nature in frenzy struck the blow,
> And made the mighty river flow."

Its waters having, however, once turned restive, and swept away a mill in their obstreperous course, the neighbouring miller thought fit to record the sad catastrophe, and, as our readers may judge, with more than the usual amount of poetical license :—

> "This mill went by water,
> Furder than it oughter."

The descriptive powers of our American cousins are no less remarkable than their wonderful oratory or their bewitching poetry. All subjects appear to be handled with a skill to which we poor Europeans can make no pretensions. This, however, might naturally be expected amongst the inhabitants of a land where their physical structure, like their talk, is of so "tall" an order, that we have heard of one amongst them requiring a ladder every morning for the purpose of performing the useless act of shaving.

If the eloquence and the descriptive powers of American orators and writers be surpass-

ingly great, no less characteristic of their national habits is the *curiosity* which pervades all classes in Yankeeland. Europeans, before undertaking a journey in that extensive territory, should seriously consider how they may best meet with studied courtesy the incessant demands made upon their time, temper, and patience, by the reiterated interrogatories as to their who, what, why, wherefore, and when. We may record one or two instances in which these curious inquirers have been successfully baffled. "Are you a married man?" asked a Yankee one day of a fellow-traveller in a railway car. "No, I am not," was the rather curt reply. "Are you a bachelor?" "No," was the still curter but useless response. "Are you a widower?" "No." "Then what in the world are you?" "I am a *divorced man*," was the answer, which at length gave a quietus to his tormentor. Still better was the mode in which one, who disliked having to detail all his domestic affairs, baffled a set of harpies around him. A gentleman,

rejoicing like Lord Anglesea after Waterloo in the possession of only one leg, having entered a stage-coach full of company, boldly met their looks of inquiry, by at once offering to tell them the reason of his resemblance to another gallant hero famous in the realm of song, as—

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms,
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.
And as they bore him off the field,
Says he, let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-second Foot,"—

on this condition, that no one should trouble him with any further questions on the subject. Having extracted a solemn promise from each of his fellow-travellers on this point, and realizing the fact that they were all at the commencement of a long journey, he quietly tantalized them with the assurance that *his leg had been bitten off!*

Amongst other eccentricities, of which our good cousins on the other side of the Atlantic are occasionally guilty, is their fondness for an expressive domestic nomenclature, more so, indeed, than the Saxon idiom is accustomed to permit. We need not refer to the instance of the two fond parents who were unable to arrange an amicable dispute concerning the name of their first-born, one insisting on *Paul*, while the other advocated *Peter*, until a judicious friend proposed to harmonise the wishes of both by suggesting that the child should be called *Saltpetrè*. But we may relate an occurrence which is said to have taken place in a distinguished Yankee family, who, contrary to the old prohibition against counting your chickens before they are hatched, after seeing their family tree well laden with youthful olive branches, and their quiver, as they ignorantly imagined, perfectly full, began to hollo before they were quite out of the wood; for after a sufficient interval had elapsed to warrant their most earnest hopes that they

had seen the last of the numerous arrivals, their domestic joys were one fine morning surprisingly enhanced by an unexpected notice to hoist again the flag with the inscription, "Welcome, little Stranger!" In fond reliance upon the well-known principle,

"Finis coronat opus,"

him they appropriately termed *Finis*, fondly supposing that this assuredly must be the last; but as in due course of time Madame la Mère happened to give birth to another daughter, and likewise to two sons more,* they

* Had that distinguished Pyrrhonist, Bishop Colenso, been aware of this interesting occurrence, he might possibly have been less confident in his doubt respecting the prolificness of the Mothers of Israel, as Moses teaches during the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. Happening to be related to a gentleman, the thirty-third child of a family of thirty-six by one mother, who had twins eleven times, and died a comparatively young woman at the age of forty-nine; remembering the case of James Kyrloff, the Muscovite peasant, who was presented at the court of the Empress, widow of Ivan Vasilivitch II., as the father of seventy-two children by two wives, the first of whom had twins ten times, trins seven times, and quadrins four times, her share amounting to fifty-seven, and also of Maria Ruiz, of Lucena, in Spain, who in the month of June, 1799, had sixteen boys at a birth, seven of

felt constrained to manifest the sobered joy of their hearts in a manner sufficiently intelligible to the world at large, by christening their little ones with the expressive names of *Addenda*, *Appendix*, and *Supplement*, with which we may appropriately close our chapter on man in general, and Brother Jonathan in particular, under the character of an *Orator*.

whom were alive and kicking in the following August;—we are in a better position to speak on this delicate subject than our Episcopal sceptic. Moreover, as *Aristotle* affirms, *Hist. Anim.* vii. 4, that "the Egyptian women *often* gave birth to three or four at a time, and occasionally to five;" and as *Pliny Nat. Hist.* vii. 3, observes that it is rather "a phenomenon for more than three or four at a birth (which is an undoubted fact) *except in Egypt*," where it was too common to be noticed; we suggest that, as these two great authorities are not scripture writers, the Bishop upon his own principles ought not to disbelieve them. A glance at a recent number of the "Barbadoes Globe" tells us, in confirmation of the fruitfulness of the daughters of Eve, that three women in the parish of Christ Church, Barbadoes, were delivered of nine children, each having had three at a birth, and that *they are all doing well!*"

CHAPTER VI.

Homo Barbatus.

"Let by-gones be by-gones," was the profound reflection of an ancient sage. There is no rule, however, without an exception, as the grave Bishop of Vexitur is reported to have remarked, when one of those helpless beings, known as "the inferior clergy," once endeavoured to justify an infraction of ecclesiastical law on the miserable plea that Mr. —— had been guilty of a similar offence. "You, sir, are the rule, he is the exception," was the mode in

which the great prelate rebuked his erring brother.

We propose to follow so eminent an example, though profoundly conscious of the truth of Virgil's remark,

"Sequitur patrem non passibus æquis,"

by endeavouring to show the impolicy of sacrificing one very important characteristic of manhood, and by urging some reasons for cherishing the growth of that ornament wherewith Nature has favoured the male species of the animal kingdom; and as we are now living when a tendency to the *renaissance* style is so prominently brought before us in and the arts sciences of the civilized world, we gladly hail this as an omen of general and ultimate success.

Need we add that we refer to that venerable relic of antiquity, so ancient that its existence must have been certainly coeval with our first parent Adam, to that most useful and becoming facial appendage known amongst all nations as THE BEARD ! ! !

It is this which confers on man that honoured title of "Homo Barbatus," which stands at the head of our present chapter, in contradistinction to the epithet of "Homo Caudatus," by which Linnæus distinguishes one of our ancestors. Having considered in a previous chapter his *tail*, we propose now to notice the appendage belonging to his *head*.

No argument is needed in the present enlightened age to convince every reasonable man that if Primitive Antiquity be allowed its due weight in the matter, the grounds in favour of universal restoration are too numerous to be detailed, and too strong to be resisted. The earliest notice which we have of the *Beard* in ancient story is in that beautiful comparison which the sweet singer of Israel makes respecting the first High Priest amongst the Jews, nearly 4000 years ago. It is there represented as the conductor of that unguineous substance which should knit together all the sons of Adam in one huge fraternal embrace. "Behold," says the great king, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, *that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard;* that dripped down to the skirts of his garment."

It was the same Sovereign, whose ambassadors were subjected to a far greater outrage than that inflicted by Commodore Wilkes upon the "rebel" ambassadors of the Confederate States in the Trent affair, by being deprived of their beards, in consequence of which their agonized monarch issued forth his commands to them to "tarry at Jericho *until your beards be grown*, and then return." From this, such a critical examiner of Scripture as Bishop Colenso may readily discover how closely connected, in the estimation of the favoured nation of old, were fraternal affection, ambassadorial rights, and regal wisdom.

The following quotation from Plato will prove that the most distinguished of the heathen philosophers, who lived midway between the time of David and the Christian Era, cultivated the beard with eminent propriety.

Friend. "Whence come you, Socrates? Can there be any doubt but that it is from a chase after the beauty of Alcibiades? and to me, indeed, when I saw him lately, the man appeared still beautiful; though between ourselves, *he is a man, for he is now getting a pretty thick beard.*"

Socrates. "What of that? Do you not approve of Homer, who says that *the most graceful age is that of a youth with his first beard,* which is now the age of Alcibiades?" *

If we descend the stream of history we find one of the Early Fathers, in the second century of the Christian era, when witnessing the barbarous and desecrating actions of the dandies in the court of the Emperor of Rome who had adopted the novel custom of shaving in imitation of one of the Scipios,† denouncing

* Compare "Protagoras, or, the Sophists," § 1, with "Homer's Odyss." x. 279

† The first civilized shaver, but quite distinct from his much greater ancestor, who bears on his tomb, which still remains, the lofty and honourable epithets of *Africanus et Barbatus.* It should be remembered that when the civilized Romans first visited Britain they found our uncivilized and

the unmanly act in the sternest manner. "It is," exclaimed that master theologian, the distinguished Tertullian, "a lie against the face, and an impious attempt to improve the handiwork of God!"

But, alas! the value of the ancient aphorism is apparent here,

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

Good old customs are too often flung aside and forgotten; and in this instance the reform, which common sense clearly shows was the reverse of improvement, may be traced to that necromantic branch of the Church Catholic so famed for her black arts as we have already shown. We find, in a chronicle of the year A.D. 1005, that one Serlo, Bishop of Seez,* when preaching before Henry I. of France, took

uncombed ancestors in this sad and denuded condition. "Their hair," says Cæsar, "hangs down very long; and they shave every part of the body, except the head and upper lip." *De Bell. Gall.* v § 10.

* We suggest that *Seez* should be written *Suis*, as being derived from the Latin Sus, *a sow*, an unclean animal and destitute of a beard.

occasion to condemn, in no measured terms, the ancient practice of wearing *beards*: and so convincing was his eloquence, according to the said chronicle, that the King and all his courtiers consented to be shaved by the Bishop and his clergy on the spot. What a distinguished barber's shop! Let us picture to ourselves the present Bishop of *Raw-chin-sir*, who has recently distinguished himself by following the unhappy example of his Gallican brother, discoursing with honeyed accents on the subject from the pulpit of St. Paul's, and then proceeding with his clergy under that majestic dome to bring forth their razors and soap-suds, in order to dismantle such distinguished Englishmen as H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, or his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, of those graceful appendages with which they have had the commendable manliness to adorn their handsome faces.

Would that we could convince the good Bishop of *Raw-chin-sir*, that such a course of proceeding would not only be highly indeco-

rous, anti-Catholic, opposed to the spirit of the great Reformation, but uncanonical besides. There can be no doubt that the laity in general, and the clergy in particular, wore the beard for a full century after that glorious event had occurred in England, and as it was the evident object of the Reformers to restore ancient Catholicism in all its bearings, with its noble rights and requirements, it is satisfactory to find an express canon passed as early as the fifth century, at the Council of Carthage, against the use of razors by the body of the clergy. The words of this admirable law are as follows :—"A clergyman shall neither indulge in long hair, *nor shave his beard.*"* Hence a great authority of those times, describing a friend of his who had passed from the laical to the clerical order, for the best of all reasons, conscientious conviction, speaks of his "habit, his gait, his modesty, his countenance, his dis-

* This accords with the Levitical Law, which expressly prohibited the priests from shaving off the corners of their beards.—Leviticus xxi. 5.

course as being entirely religious; and agreeable to these *his hair was short and his beard long.*"

Both English and French historians are guilty of a very serious error in omitting to notice this unquestionable fact, viz.—that the long war which desolated France, during the reign of the Plantagenet dynasty, may be traced *to the loss of a beard.* When Louis VII. of France, in obedience to the injunctions of his heretical bishops, *shaved his beard,* his consort, Queen Eleanor, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor beardless King speedily obtained a divorce. Queen Eleanor then married Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, who ascended the English throne three years later as Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for more than two hundred years ravaged France, until the word "Calais," the

last of our Continental possessions, was burnt into the heart of Queen Mary, of fire and faggot memory, and cost the French nation 3,000,000 of men; all of which, every philosophic reasoner will allow, would never have occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to *shave his beard,* by which he became painfully offensive to the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

History tells us that it was the custom in those days for the sovereign, when sealing his mandates, to add greater sanction to them by embedding three hairs from his beard in the wax; and there is still extant a charter of A.D. 1121, granted by our Henry I., and about the time of the aforesaid Louis VII., of France, containing the following words:—"Quod ut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum præsentis scripto sigillo mei robur apposui cum tribus pilis barbæ meæ." Observe the potency of the three hairs of the royal beard. We conclude it must have been adopted upon the same principle as bricklayer's mix horse-hair with their mortar, to make the sealing-wax

stick, and prevent any infraction of the charter. It would have been a happy thing for the poor Poles, if Alexander I. of Russia had so used his beard in the Treaty of Vienna, in place of following the foolish customs of Western Europe by reaping his chin; by which he would have proved the truth of the oft-quoted saying that "the wise men came from the east."

But the most remarkable use which history records of the utility of the beard occurred in Portugal, where the illustrious John de Castro, being short of provisions for his fleet, is said to have pledged a moiety of his whiskers to the people of Goa, as security for the repayment of a sum of money, a sacrifice which the gallantry of the ladies of that place would not permit; but relying on his known honour, they raised the amount, and without demanding so precious a hostage, politely requested him to preserve both cash and beard.

When Louis XIII., of France, adopted the practice of his unworthy ancestor, Louis VII.,

the court-parasites naturally followed suit, and, not content with that, they even dared

> "To beard the Lion in his den,
> The Douglas in his hall."

They had the audacity to ridicule the illustrious Sully for his retention of the beard as worn in the days of Henry the Great, for which these smooth-faced courtiers received the following merited rebuke:—"Sire," said the noble Sully, "when your father, of honoured memory, did me the favour to consult my opinion, he usually sent away, first of all, *the court buffoons.*"*

A similar instance of the fickleness of human fashion occurred in the days of Philip V., of Spain, whose ancestors, like all true Spaniards, had devoted much attention to the cultivation of their beards. This monarch

* Science had not sufficiently advanced in those days to teach, as Professor Huxley has succeeded in proving so well, that the "court buffoons," whom Sully rebuked, were lineal descendants of the "Old World Monkeys," who so closely resembled some men in their *physique*, their actions, their grimaces, and especially as being invariably found *sine barbâ*.

ascending the throne with a shaved chin, the courtiers first, and subsequently the people, adopted the same practice, according to the principle of worshipping the rising sun. The people, however, could not have been hearty in the matter, if we may judge by the proverb which soon became current among them—"Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." This may be one way of accounting for the miserable condition of that country ever since.

Pallavicini, a distinguished Roman Catholic historian, records a pleasing instance of the good effect which the observance of the ecclesiastical canon, which commanded the growth of the beard, had upon the ruffled spirit of one of the Bishops at the memorable Council of the Trent. "The Bishop of Cava,"* he tells us, "having expressed an opinion rather vehemently, the Bishop of Chæronea

* The name of this monster suggests the idea that he ought to have been sent to the council muzzled and labelled, "Beware of the dog!"

whispered to his neighbour that such folly and impudence were inexcusable. The first Bishop asked what he was saying. 'I said, my Lord,' replied the Bishop of Chæronea, 'that your folly and impudence were without excuse.' Then the Bishop of Cava, as is the wont among men overcome with anger, blazed out into revenge; *laying his hand on the beard of his brother prelate, he did tear away many of the hairs thereof,* and straightway went his way. As the assembly gathered about him, the Bishop of Chæronea did shew no other sign of displeasure, save that in a loud voice he repeated his words again." Pallavicini adds, "that the fathers were disturbed incredibly at the unseemly spectacle." And well they might be, though it is very satisfactory, to those who advocate the cause of nature's rights, to see that the Bishop of the BEARD, by the calmness of his demeanour under such terrible provocation, proved himself to be greater than either Cæsar or Napoleon, according to the authoritative definition of the wisest

of mankind—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, or he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Ware, in his "Irish Antiquities," mentions a distinguished Irish clergyman, named Æd, who, in the eleventh century, became so famous on account of his facial appendage, as to be commonly called "*The Bearded Clerk.*" Yet he appears to have got into trouble by means of too free a use of the razor, as history records, "in the year A.D. 1054 he was driven into banishment because in his school (wherein he had a great number of clerks, maids, and laicks), he took upon him to introduce *a new custom of shaving the girls, after the manner of the clerks,* as may be seen in Marianus Scotus and Florence of Worcester." This indelicate meddling with the ladies' hair brought him to grief, and he met with deserved punishment in consequence thereof, though it is not quite clear from the historian's words whether the accusation of "shaving the girls" necessarily

implied that they previously possessed *beards*.*

We recollect once finding in a gentle lady's album some very sound and philosophical reasons against the possibility of the fairer sex having anything to shave. It was there stated that Nature had expressly denied them the facial appendage so becoming to the male species, because if they had attempted to follow the bad example of the shavers, they would never have been able to accomplish so delicate a feat as it was rather sharply affirmed—

"Their tongues would never let their chins be still."

This severe reproach upon the gentler sex, which we should not dare to quote save upon

* A similar difficulty appears to have puzzled the learned German *savant*, Dr. Lepsius, who tells us, in his "History of the Pharaohs," of a certain *queen* who is represented on the monuments "in male custom, and *even with a beard*," which he naively pronounces to be rather "a strange custom." See "Königsbuch der Alten Ægypter, Dynastie XVII." Some may consider that this Egyptian lady "in male custom" was the original Madame Bloomer who sought to introduce a similar dress into England a few years ago, but who happily failed in her attempt.

so unexceptionable an authority as that of a *lady's* album, seems to accord with the malicious definition which we recollect having once seen, of the greatest organ in the world, viz. *the organ of speech in woman, and that without a stop.* If this be a true definition of one of the greatest powers of the world, we must understand it as the *third* portion of a very distinguished trio, the other two portions of which have been so happily described by the jocular ruler of the dis-United States, on the presentation of an ambassador from Printing House Square to that high and mighty potentate. "Mr. Russell," quoth President Lincoln, "I am very glad to see you in this country. The London "Times" is one of the greatest powers in the world; in fact, I don't know anything which has much more power, except, perhaps, the Mississippi! I am glad to know you as its minister." * The Persians and other Eastern nations have a proverb which seems to confirm the same idea,

* See "My Diary, North and South," Vol. I. p. 57.

teaching that "*ten* measures of talk were sent down upon earth, and the women took *nine*." This, however, has been denied by a gallant defender of the fair sex, who asks the embarrassing question, "What then was the *lawyer's* share?"

To return to the point from which we have slightly digressed. *Shaving*, as a sign of dandy effeminacy, does not appear to have been confined to the time of the Emperors of Rome, since Shakspeare denounced it as a foppish piece of folly in the time of the Plantagenets, if not in such strong language as Tertullian used, *certes* with more cutting and refined irony. Thus sings the Swan of Avon :—

"But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
There came a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, *and his chin new reap'd*,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.*

What an instructive contrast does the chin of

* Henry iv., pt. i., act 1.

this noble fop present to Aaron's beard which was turned to so admirable a use. Moreover, we should remember that it is as much a paradox of Nature for a man to be *sine barbâ*, as it would be to find, under similar conditions, that delicious esculent, the *oyster*, which has been so happily characterised by an ancient poet as

——— "wearing a beard without a chin,
And taken out of bed to be quietly tuck'd in!"

Having thus shown the antiquity, the canonicity, and the peace-bearing qualifications of the *beard*, its great utility alone remains to be noticed. We remember once hearing of a sturdy English yeoman, who justified his daily practice of early rising, in opposition to the custom of the vicar of the parish, who practised the habit of wasting eight hours in bed, contrary to the sound maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a pig," upon the following ground: "Sir," said he, "I like to get up betimes, and breathe

the morning air before anybody else has breathed into it."* Admirable purist! But there was one element in this view of the case which we fear the worthy man had not taken sufficiently into consideration. How did the fresh air of

"Incense-breathing morn,"

as the poet so happily defines it, enter his nostrils? Was it after having been duly modified and toned down by that perfect respirator which Nature supplies? or did it reach him in the miserable condition of that famous

* "'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You've called me too soon you must call me again."

He who is spoken of in these lines will of course dispute the wisdom of early rising, for the reasons given, we suppose, by a lazy son to an anxious father—

"Tom, 'tis the early bird that picks the worm."

"More fool the worm for getting up too soon," replied the *gamin*. It presents a striking contrast, however, to one of Tennyson's pretty odes, beginning:—

"If you're waking call me early mother dear."

The fable of *Endymion*, which gave rise to the saying *Endymionis somnum dormire*, and which was deservedly condemned by Socrates in his last hours, conveys a lesson which the inhabitants of *Great Snoring*, a parish in the county of Norfolk, would do well to remember.

ecclesiastic of the nursery tale, whose succession, as far as we may venture to pronounce upon such an important theological dispute, is to be traced assuredly from "John the builder," rather than from "Peter the Apostle," and who is known to all history as

"This is the priest all shaven and shorn."

Much depends upon a satisfactory reply to this searching question. For it has been proved by evidence, which cannot be gainsaid, that *hairy-lipped* regiments have always been far more free from pulmonary complaints than those which were not so adorned. It is well known that in the time of William IV., of Reform memory, owing, possibly, to the rigid economy of those days, the privilege of wearing the moustache was confined to a few favoured regiments, such as the Life Guards and the Hussars; while, under the more liberal reign of our present gracious Queen (whom may God long preserve), it has been extended to the whole army; and we may fairly conclude, from

the experience of the past, that the sanitary condition of the military service has been considerably promoted thereby.

Many will recall to mind, with mingled feelings of admiration and regret, the model of a beautiful tomb which was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862. It was designed for the sepulchre of a great Divine of the last century—the famous Bishop Pearson. The effigy displayed the well-developed moustache, which proves him to have been, as he certainly was, a faithful member of the Church Militant, observing with both heart and lip service the Canons of the Church. So, likewise, M. About, in his last amusing work, entitled, "*Le Nez d'un Notaire*," records with deep pathos how M. le Marquis de Villemaurin, who had accompanied Charles X. to Holyrood, after the Revolution of 1830, was so scandalised at the indifference with which his Royal Master treated that little misfortune, that he sent in his resignation, shaved his upper lip, and tenderly consigned

the precious relics to his jewel-box, with this touching inscription on the wrapper,

"Mes Moustaches de la Garde Royale!"

We think it may be safely affirmed that the grand hindrance to the restoration of Nature's rights in all the glorious perfections of Moustache, Vandyke, and Beard, in short, to the production of a real HOMO BARBATUS*, though a very charming one, is the sensitive feelings of the other sex. We may judge this from a very important advertisement which appeared not long ago in a Canadian newspaper, and which, alas! proves the perversity of the female mind on this point in general, as well as a slight antipathy to fair dealing with the Queen's English in particular, according to the sound pleading of the Dean of Canterbury.

* We recollect a Bishop of the Anglican Church, who had once lived in Syria, as a hard-working missionary, telling us that it was not safe for a man to travel in some parts of the East without some visible signs on his face that he was indeed and in truth, what his costume would imply—a being entitled to be termed HOMO BARBATUS.

The advertiser confidently announced herself as follows:—

"I am a young lady of twenty, rezidin in the county of Lincoln. I have bright eyes, dark hair. My cheeks are like full-blown roses. I am tall, heav a good disposition, am very fond of music, heav a competent knowledge of household affairs. I am desirous of giving My and, and art, and Fortune for better for worse No young gentleman need reply to this under 28 or over 35. He must be tall, have pretty eyes and haire, Faire skin and rosy cheeks. *Not known two ware a little beaird on his chin, like a Goat or a Persian Khan.* He must have a good disposition, and possess pro perty."

We are not aware whether this fair advertiser succeeded in obtaining a suitor who combined so many and such various qualifications, but her frankness certainly deserved success.

We remember, some years ago, when the Diocese of *Vexitur* was in a great uproar, on account of the laudable attempt of its Bishop to enforce canonical obedience and uniformity of discipline, a rumour got abroad that a commission was about to be issued by authority

for the purpose of ascertaining from the "better halves" of those clerics who were sufficiently unorthodox to possess such, the exact colour of their husbands' *bonnets de nuits*; it being against the Ecclesiastical Canons for them to wear either on the head or feet garments of any other colour save sober white or black.

Now, it may be safely inferred, if this commission had been authorized to extend its inquiries in the same quarter respecting that other Canon which enforces and encourages the growth of the *beard*, the return of the delinquents would have been too numerous to be told, and the scandal too great to be published. We happen to know a worthy clergyman of that said diocese, who once mournfully confessed that the only instance, during his long and happy wedded life, when the proverbial power of a curtain lecture was brought to bear upon him with *cutting* effect, was once when his *cara sposa* had detected his

incipient and modest attempt to keep the Canon by encouraging the growth of that with which Nature had abundantly supplied him. Whether his wife thought he would resemble the goat referred to in the advertisement above, and thus add one more proof to the descent of man from beast; or whether, as we are inclined to suspect, her meditations turning on the solution of that charming riddle* by the Poet Cowper, which has some reference to the "osculation question," she was apprehensive of being deprived of her conjugal privileges, we can hardly say; but we do know that she succeeded in sweetly beguiling him, as Eve did Adam of yore, into canonical disobedience. The gude man succumbed, and the following morning saw him seated on the

* The riddle runs thus:—

"I am just two and two—I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told,
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought.
An extraordinary boon, and, a matter of course,
Am yielded with pleasure when taken by force."

stool of penance, razor in hand, and as a certain fair lady would express it "a martyr to circumstances," which unhappily he was not able to control.

Were the public thoroughly convinced of the sanitary bearings of the question, we are inclined to believe that *shaving* the *beard* would become to all, what it now is only to the discerning few who are in advance of the age, a thing of the past, a relic of the dark ages. The people of England, if satisfied that the growth of hair is really conducive to health, would be as easily led aright on this, as on any other equally important matter. It is related that a certain wag tried an experiment with complete success upon the inhabitants of a village under the shadow of the famous University of Oxford. He represented himself as a government barber, sent by the authorities from London to cut the hair of the native villagers as a precaution against the Cholera which they feared was

then approaching. The people willingly submitted themselves to the tonsorial charms of this vagrant Philistine, who by his clever roguery succeeded in carrying away sufficient hair to make an abundant stock of perukes and wigs.

It is a fitting subject for the consideration of our learned societies, to name the cause which has made the most powerful nation under the sun submit, for the last two centuries, to the barbarous, absurd and unaccountable vagary of *shaving the hair off certain patches of the human face*, instead of allowing it to grow wherever a kind and bountiful Nature intended. It must assuredly be laid at the door of that silliest of all silly teachers, termed *Fashion*, of whom we are all more or less unconsciously the most devoted slaves.

If common sense would but convince men that Nature has furnished each with a scanty or thick *Beard*, precisely as it suits his features, they would cease their endeavours to

make themselves resemble the *beardless gorilla* in the head, considering how often he has been pronounced, in consequence of the absence of a tail, the most natural "Portrait of Man." This absurd fashion, which is of such modern introduction in Europe, and has ever been looked upon as an utter abomination in the country whence the wise men are known to have come, is already in bad repute with the upper classes on the Continent; and it is not uttering a very bold prediction if we express our unhesitating belief, as we do our earnest hope, that our children will one day wonder how their respected parents, in whatever hurry they might be, could sit before a looking-glass morning after morning, razor in hand, making all sorts of grimaces, at the risk of cutting their throats; the only known result being to render the chin, shortly after the smoothing process, not unlike that useful article peculiar to the kitchen, called a nutmeg or a sugar grater!

May all our readers of the male sex (and we

trust they may be very numerous, although we anticipate a much greater number of the other and better sex) have the courage before long to add Nature's appendix to their chins, and thus prove their appreciation of such a healthy, handsome, and useful sign of the GOOD OLDEN TIMES!

CHAPTER VII.

The End of Man.

HAVING now considered Man under various aspects, as a *Pyrrhonist*, a *Necromancer*, an *Allegorist*, an *Orator*, and as possessing the right and title to the use of the *Beard*, we may finally view him—subjectively, not objectively—in the character of a *poet*. For if—as our opening chapter, with reference to the *Origin of Species*, shows—the wit and ingenuity of the learned have been tried to the utmost extent in endeavouring to discover the *Beginning of Man*, the same may

be truly affirmed in regard to their praiseworthy attempts to acquire some satisfactory knowledge respecting his *End*.

What instructive lessons do not our churchyards afford concerning the descent and lineage, the virtues and qualifications, the ailments and sufferings, and not unfrequently, alas! the failings and shortcomings of the dear departed, in despite of that admirable and never-to-be-forgotten adage—

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

An attempt has been made to justify the infraction of this sound maxim by an emendation of the text, by substituting *verum* in the place of *bonum*, which may be freely translated as follows :—

"Of the dead
Let nothing be said
But what is true
For me and you."

The earliest authentic instance of *tombology* we have been enabled to discover is an in-

scription completely at variance with all our modern ideas of grave-yard poetry. For, first, it is clearly written in plain prose; and, secondly, it must have been composed by the occupant of the tomb himself; which accords with the custom of the Egyptians, who used to build their tombs as we do our houses, and who had their epitaphs ready "cut dried" for use as soon as wanted, without leaving that trouble to their mourning and friends.

The following is from a tomb at Thebes, of one Amenj Amenemha, a model governor, if we may judge by his own simple tale, of a district in Upper Egypt, whose sepulchre, as he was contemporary with Father Abraham, must, therefore, claim the respectable age of nearly 4000 years The inscription is too long to give entire; but we quote a touching passage, as it conveys a lesson by which some modern governors of the same country would do well to profit:—

"What I have done all these works declare. I was a

good and amiable master, and a governor who loved his country. . . . No little child was ever afflicted by me. No widow have I ever ill-treated. Never have I seized men under my government for the public works. Never has there been starvation in my district during years of famine. I kept alive the inhabitants of the district of Sah by giving them the productions of the country, and by that means *there was no famine in my Nome.** I distributed equally to the widow and to the married woman; and I preferred not the great to the small in all that I gave away."

Omitting the egotism of the above inscription, which, for the reasons already given is unavoidable, all will agree that it is a most admirable and instructive epitaph. We know not where its parallel is to be found, save in one of England's noblest fanes. We refer, of course, to the famous epitaph composed by Ben Jonson upon Lady Pembroke, in Salisbury cathedral:—

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another

* The great Pyrrhonist, Bunsen, has endeavoured to prove that there is an allusion in this inscription to the seven years' famine which desolated Egypt in the time of the Viceroyalty

Good and kind and fair as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name in after days,
Lest some woman good as she,
Viewing this like Niobe,
Shall turn marble and become
Both her mourner and her tomb."

The author of these noble lines presents a remarkable instance of the truth of the old saying, that "there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." For it is recorded of the same Ben Jonson that a lady having sent her servant to him with a half-guinea fee for an epitaph on her departed husband, he at first refused, vowing that he never wrote one for less than double that sum; until, recollecting he was that day compelled to dine at a tavern, and that second thoughts are usually the best, he summoned

of Joseph. But, independent of the chronology, which forbids the learned baron's assumption, it is to be observed that Scripture declares the seven years' famine extended "over all the face of the earth," and, therefore, must have included the district or Nome of Sah, in Upper Egypt.

the messenger back with the appropriate question, "What was your master's name?" "Jonathan Fiddle, sir?" "When did he die?" "On the 22nd of June, sir." On which Ben earned *iustanter* the rejected fee by composing this pithy impromptu, so suggestive of all which required recording in respect to the distinguished deceased:—

"On the twenty-second of June
Jonathan Fiddle went out of tune."

We believe the origin of the epithet "*venerable*," invariably affixed to our great English divine, Bede, is not generally known. It is said to have arisen from a monk's attempt to compose, according to the custom of the age, a rhyming epitaph. He got thus far:—

"Hac sunt in fossa,
Bedæ ossa,"

without being able to find a proper epithet; when, falling asleep in his perplexity, he discovered, on waking, that some angelic hand

had filled up the vacancy with *venerabilis*. Hence the couplet may be freely rendered in the Saxon tongue :—

"Underneath these very stones
Are the *venerable* Bedè's bones."

Of equal brevity is the epitaph on the tomb of another great theologian of the Middle Ages, the celebrated Peter Abelard; and if it cannot be said to have been miraculously composed, he must have certainly been a miracle of learning, for, according to his tomb :—

"Rests the great Abelard beneath this stone,
Who living knew whatever might be known."

We propose, however, to quit the tombs of such by-gone times, and to seek a lesson from the stony tablets of our own more enlightened days; and it will not be our fault if we do not produce as strange a collection of epitaphs in honour of the dear departed as are to be found in any book of such humble pretensions as we frankly admit our own to be.

The most prolific subjects in these modern times for sepulchral inscriptions are frequently the virtues, and occasionally—alas! that we should have to write it—the failings of the other sex. We recollect once reading with our own eyes, on a tombstone in the little churchyard of Launcells, in Cornwall, a frank avowal of a domestic misdemeanour, combined with a philosophic reflection by the occupant of the tomb, in the form of an address to his "dear children," whom he had left behind him. It ran as follows:—

"You were left to me when you was young;
Your mother eloped, and she was wrong."

Passing over the questionable syntax in the above couplet, what bathos, what pathos in the concluding clause! We do not allude to the assertion, implied at least, that the wife's broken vows had given her the *entrée* to the court of Sir Cresswell Cresswell—or, as some would call him, Sir Conjugal Cuckold, so sug-

gestive of the office he bears, and of the bench he adorns—but to the profound philosophy contained in the remark that his wife was completely in the "wrong" in what she did.

As a contrast, however, to that poor woman's weakness, reminding us of Shakspeare's definition of the whole sex in the words:—

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

let us be just to Cornish mothers by quoting an epitaph, which is to be found on a tomb at St. Kew in the same county, from which we infer that in this case the wife was not in name only, but in truth, "the better half:"—

"Here lies the body of Joan Carthew;
She was born at St. Neot's and died at St. Kew.
Of children she had five;
Three are dead and two alive;
Those that are alive had rather
Have died with their mother than lived with their father."

Very different, also, was the character of

an illustrious maiden who was buried in Aldgate churchyard, whose vigorous spinsterhood of nearly half a century (her age when she died) earned for her the following famous eulogy :—

> "She was! but words are wanting to say what;
> All that woman *should be*—she was that."

There is certainly something of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* style in the avowal that the virtues of the deceased were so great as to be indescribable; and that it was left to the reader to imagine their quality and their quantity under the expressive term, "All that woman should be." Unfortunately, however, a waggish anti-Malthusian thought he could "improve the occasion;" and he therefore took upon himself to add a couplet in characters almost as permanent as the original, indicative of his own views on that important matter, and which we imagine are more in accordance with the feelings and aspirations of the gentler sex :—

"A woman should be both a wife and mother,
But Sally Jones was neither one nor t'other."

As a very marked contrast to the above, Wolstanson churchyard, in Staffordshire, contains the ashes of Mrs. Anne Jennings, whose fecundity is thus tersely announced on her tomb :—

"Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one!"

This departed mother would have assuredly ranked high in the court of Napoleon I., who silenced the pertinacity of Madame de Staël, when seeking his opinion as to the greatest of womankind, by the crushing reply, "She who has borne the most children." Prolific, however, as some of the daughters of Eve necessarily must be, in order to fulfil the Divine command, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," no less suggestive a theme have their virtues and their failings been to the minds of some husbands they have left behind.

Who could have imagined that any one

would have had the heart to compose such a sacred duet as is to be found on a tombstone in the city of Hertford, wherein first the deceased wife *loquitur*, and then the surviving husband:—

"*Wife.* Grieve not for me, my husband dear;
I am not dead but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.

"*Husband.* I am not grieved, my dearest wife;
Sleep on, I've got another wife;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she."

Let us hope that this hero, who vaunted his rhymes at the expense of his grammar, escaped the penalty due to second marriages, so sarcastically defined by Dr. Johnson, as "the triumph of hope over experience;" and that, like the Patriarch of old, he found a much-loved Rachel as a successor to the despised Leah.

If constant repetition, whenever a vacancy occurs, be the best criterion of the little

weight to be attached to the doctor's aphorism, we may refer to the example set by a distinguished soldier, who appears to have surpassed both the notable Blue Beard and Henry of the many wives amongst our own Sovereigns, and whose triumphs in the field —not so much of Mars as of Venus, are thus faithfully recorded on his tomb:—

"Here lies General Tulley,
Aged 105 years fully;
Nine of his wives beside him doe lie,
And the *tenth* must lie here when she doth die."

Observe the greatness of this hero in years as well as in wives. Mark the dictatorial way in which his epitaph insists that his "Katherine Parr" must be buried beside him in due time, without allowing her the possibility of wedding another; and then be silent with admiration at her amazing courage who could have ventured to take him "for better or for worse" after nine of her sex had successively stood in one another's shoes.

Strange as it may appear, we have dis-

covered, in another place, evidence of the same amount of philo-conjugalness, only in this case the sexes were reversed. The churchyard of Chelmsford, in Essex, contains the dust of a famous mother in our Israel, whose ninefold enjoyment of connubial bliss is thus delicately recorded on her tomb :—

"Martha Blewett,
Of the Swan, Baythorn End of this Parish,
Buried May 7th, 1681,
Was the wife of *nine* husbands successively,
But the ninth outlived her.
The text to her funeral sermon was:
'Last of all the woman died also.'"

Unless these nine husbands were, according to Darwinism, lineal descendants of the tailor-bird, and so constituted between them no more than one real good husband, Martha Blewitt, who flourished during that vigorous period of our History known as the Cromwellian era, must have been one of the greatest gourmands in matrimony the world ever saw. Peace to her ashes!

Chelmsford churchyard contains also the remains of a loving couple whose earthly happiness appears to have been complete, for a reason which is faithfully recorded on their tomb, but which our sincere respect for womankind would make us fain hope is not a solitary case, when man's weakness sanctions an exchange of costume :—

"Here lies the man Richard
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches!"

Happy couple! Proper claimants for the Dunmow flitch of bacon! Happy wife! without a domestic cloud on her noble brow to mar the even tenor of her way! Abounding in wealth sufficient, we may suppose, to deal extensively at those houses which profess to supply "ladies' under-clothing" suitable to

the Bloomerian costume! It reminds us of a singular mistake which once troubled the mind of England's great hero. "The Duke," one fine morning, received a letter with the familiar signature apparently of "C. J. London," in which the writer requested the favour of being allowed to visit Strathfield-saye, in order to examine *the Wellington breeches*. Considering that the applicant was more qualified for Bedlam than for the office of an inspector of the clothing department, his Grace hurried to the Primate to consult him on the propriety of issuing a commission *De Lunatico Inquirendo*, in order to test the sanity of their Episcopal friend. However, after much investigation of the supposed hieratic writing, it was at length discovered that the signature, instead of being that of *Charles James, Bishop of London*, was in reality that of Charlotte Jane *Loudon*, the wife of the distinguished florist, who had modestly sought permission to inspect the *beeches* for which Strathfield-saye was so famed. This curious mistake,

partly caused by the misreading of a single letter, reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of a witty Irishman in medieval times. Scotus Erigena was once sitting as a familiar guest at the table of Charles the Bald, when the king asked him how far a *Scot* was removed from a *sot?*—to which he answered, with ready wit, "Please your Majesty, only *by a table's breadth!*" *

As a contrast to the last-mentioned epitaph, wherein the virtues of a happy couple are so faithfully recorded, we are constrained by a sense of justice to mention two or three instances, in which apparently the summit of hap-

* The royal omission of one letter, as above, is frequently parodied by the printers. Dryden's famous ode on "The Good Parson" once appeared in print as follows:—

"A parish priest was of the pilgrim train
An awful, reverend, and religious man;
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived *too* fast!"

So the worthy journal *John Bull* complained many years ago that Mr. Peel had been represented "as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting *peasants!*"

piness was not attained until the two loving hearts had been *disunited.* Thus it is said that the famous French poet, Boileau, displayed his grief at the loss of his wife, by inscribing on her tomb, with refined irony, the following couplet:—

"Here lies my wife, as Heaven knows,
Not less for mine than her repose."

So have we heard of a certain bereaved husband, who must be nameless, assuaging his grief by delicately recording his own sorrows and his late partner's joys:—

"Here lies my wife, much lamented;
She is happy, and I'm contented."

How tersely does another bereaved one give utterance to the feelings of his heart upon becoming a widower:—

"Beneath this stone lies Katherine my wife;
In death my comfort, and my plague through life."

Enough, however, has been said by the monuments in regard to the failings of the

"nearer and dearer" sex; though, apparently, their value has been only appreciated when they became, according to a phrase now much in vogue, "conspicuous for their absence."

Another style of epitaph is seen in that in which surviving friends fondly record the *cause* of the death of those whom they have confided to their mother Earth; for it can hardly be supposed that the deceased, though adopting egotistical poetry, can be the real relater of his final *diagnosis*. Yet one who lies in the churchyard of Chigwell, in Essex, is represented as kindly warning all passers-by against a too liberal indulgence in hot-house fruit by the following frank admission:—

> "This disease you ne'er heard tell on—
> I died of eating too much mellon;
> Be careful, then, all you that feed—I
> Suffered because I was too greedy."

There is something very remarkable in this rustic poetry. Observe the intelligent rhyme

of the last couplet. It resembles the style of Horace in one respect. We recollect, in our boyish days, the only line to be found in the art of capping verses when the letter *x* was wanted, was in that stanza where the Roman poet sings the praises of the "Yellow Tiber;" though it probably resembled England's chief river, which Lord Derby once so aptly termed "our savoury Thames:"—

> "Ilise dum se nimiùm querenti
> Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistrâ
> Labitur ripâ (Jove non probante) u—
> — xorius amnis.*

It is difficult to decide which of these two deserves the palm of victory for the inimitable manner in which both have cut the Gordian knot, in order to prove the marvellous power of poetical licence. The melon disease, however, is not the only one which has the honour of a place in the archives of tombology. The epitaph of a D.D. of Oxford contains more of the *multum in parvo* than

* Hor. Carm. I. Ode II.

we recollect to have seen elsewhere, both the complaint of which he died, and the locality in which he was buried, being stated with unusual brevity :—

"He died of a quinsey,
And was buried at *Binsey*."

The epitaph on another Doctor of Divinity—a certain Dr. Fuller—is still briefer, and certainly more impressive :—

"Here lies Fuller's Earth."

If we turn westward, we find an epitaph on a gallant soldier, who lies buried at Bristol, wherein his regiment, his warlike proclivities, his loyalty to both king and country, his discreet valour, his splendid retreat (almost equal to the famous one of General Moreau, through the Black Forest), together with the cause of his last illness, are all stated with most charming *naïveté* :—

"I went and listed in the Tenth Hussars,
And galloped with them to the bloody wars;

'Die for your sovereign—for your country die!'
To earn such glory, feeling rather shy,
Snug I slipped home. But death soon sent me off,
After a struggle with the hooping cough."*

Those who are unwise enough to rank valour before discretion in the scale of military virtues, would think such an epitaph as the following more appropriate to a gallant Hussar:—

"Here lies John Bun,
Who was killed by a gun."

Unfortunately, however, the rhymester, conscious-stricken at the enormity of the falsehood he was perpetrating, was compelled to add:—

"His name wasn't *Bun*, his real name was *Wood*;
But *Wood* wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought *Bun* should."

* The word *cough*, which satisfactorily rhymes with *off*, is one of the famous *seven* whose exact pronunciation is necessarily so puzzling to foreigners, as the following couplet shows:—

"Though the tough cough and high-cough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my way I'll still pursue."

One of the most singular epitaphs in the region of grave-yard poetry is to be seen at Edmonton, in Middlesex, on the tomb of one William Newberry, ostler, who died A.D. 1695, in consequence of a pill having been erroneously administered to him by a fellow-servant. It appears in the Latin tongue, with something of the canine bark in it, for the purpose of rhyme:—

"Hic jacet Newberry Will,
Vitam finivit cum Cochiæ Pill,
Quis administravit Bellamy Sue,
Quantum quantitat-nescio, Scisne tu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

The introduction of this cobbling proverb in the epitaph is most apposite and just; and it would be well if all quacks would attend to it; though we fear very unlikely, in these days of pill-mania, when, if report speaks truly, a noted Pill-box is said to have expended £40,000 in one year in advertising his wares, and to have cleared £30,000 by the operation.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all these allopathic epitaphs is to be found in that well-known one touching the Cheltenham springs; for not only is the cause of death therein plainly stated, but a panegyric on the other shop is introduced, for the purpose of depreciating its more successful rival.—

"Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by drinking the Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not been a-lying in these here vaults."

The churchyard of Malvern, another inland place of waters, contains an epitaph which is remarkably suggestive of intense opposition to physicians and druggists alike. It reads as follows, and contains a touching lament on the part of the dead for his condition when a pilgrim on earth:—

"Groans was my potion, physic was my food,
Tears was my devotion, and drugs done me no good."

How often has the old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," come true; witness

the case of one John Adams, whose untimely end is thus recorded on his tomb :—

"Here lies John Adams, who received a thump
Right in the forehead, from the parish pump,
Which gave him his quietus in the end,
Tho' *many* doctors did his case attend."

Possibly the author of the following epitaph on himself—a certain Dr. John Letsome—may have formed one of the "many" medical attendants of poor John Adams, if we may credit his equanimity at the result of his "kill or cure" system; though we would fain hope his cruel indifference to life was rather hypothetical than real, and recorded more for the sake of the joke than with a due regard to truth :—

"When people's ill, they come to I;
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
What's that to me? I Letsome" (*let's 'em*).

This reminds us of an anecdote concerning

two sharp limbs of the law, who dwelt in the good city of New York, and rejoiced in the *firmal*, not formal, names of Messrs. *Catchem* and *Cheatem*. Unwilling that two such inappropriate names should appear on their door-way without some break to divert the natural suspicion of their clients, they sought to obviate the untowardness of their suffixes by the introduction of their prefixes, which happened to be John and Uriah. Unfortunately, the painter whom they had engaged for the purpose, not finding room for their Christian names in full, thought it would be sufficient if he abbreviated them to the initial letters, when, to the confusion of the owners and the amusement of the passers-by, the inscription finally stood thus :—

"I. Catchem and U. Cheatem."

In a village churchyard, near Bridgewater, the following epitaph may be seen, which appears to reflect on the destitution of a

disciple of Æsculapius, and is certainly very touching:—

"To the memory of
"Kate Jones, a wealthy spinster, aged fourscore,
Who'd many aches, and fancy'd many more;
Knitting her friends to the grave with a churchyard cough,
Long hung she on death's nose, 'till one March morn
There came a wind, north-east, and blew her off,
Leaving her Potticary quite forlorn."

At Pewsey (from which parish we believe an eminent divine of the present day takes his honoured name)—or Pusey, as some spell it—in Wiltshire, we meet with a most singular combination in the annals of tombology, wherein not only the virtues and the failings, the talents and the artistic skill, of the deceased are stated with more than usual freedom, but her relationship to a distinguished Irish statesman, and also to a certain Lady Jones, appear to be introduced as a sort of guarantee for her happiness in the world to come:—

"Here lies the body of
Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke, commonly
Called *The Sublime.*
She was
Bland, Passionate, and deeply Religious;
Also she painted in water-colours,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
And 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

The theology taught in the above would be deemed by some as questionable as that on a tomb at St. Albans, wherein the occupant seems to have been considered so perfect by her surviving friends, that she is represented as realizing in her own person the doctrine of "the Immaculate Conception," which is generally supposed to have been "hatched" by a certain elderly lady at Rome, a few years ago:—

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Gwynn,
Who was so very pure within,
She burst the outer shell of sin,
And hatched HERSELF A CHERUBIM."

Nothing, we consider, affords a more convincing proof of the power of language, which Professor Max Müller would do well to note, than the charming variety which our tombs display in their allusions to the apotheoses of the dear departed. *Certes* the witty saying of Aretino, commonly but erroneously attributed to Talleyrand, that "speech was given to man for the purpose of concealing thought," will not hold good here. Compare the two following epitaphs; the first, at Walworth, in Surrey, is a remarkable specimen of plain homely Saxon, wherein the virtues of the deceased are recorded with most commendable perspicacity and with an assurance that only experience could warrant:—

"Here lies the wife of Roger Martin,
She was a good wife to Roger—*that's sartain.*"

The second, in the churchyard of High Ercall, in Shropshire, is a rare instance in tombology of superfine transcendentalism:—

"Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Baarlamb,
Passed to Eternity on Sunday, the 21st of May,
1797, in the 71st year of her age.
When terrestrial all in Chaos shall exhibit Effervescence,
Then Celestial Virtues, in their most Refulgent, Brilliant Essence,
Shall with beaming Beauteous Radiance, through the Ebulli tion shine,
Transcending to Glorious Regions Beatifical Sublime."

Occasionally, ancient lineage, like the Poet's idea concerning—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Alike await the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—

is introduced with telling effect in the annals of tombology; but it may be doubted whether "all the blood of all the Howards," or the Courtenays, or the still more illustrious Plantagenets, can prove a higher descent or an older lineage than that of a cannie Scotchman who is buried at Edin-

burgh, as his instructive epitaph sufficiently proves :—

"John Carnegie lies here,
Descended of Adam and Eve;
If any can gang higher,
He willingly gives them leave."

We have had occasion to allude to the old descent of Lord Lyons (see page 2), whose ancestor was contemporary with the Prophet Daniel; to the older descent of the Montmorencies, whose family archives were said to have been taken into the Ark by Noah (see p. 66); and to the oldest of all, namely, that ancient Taffy, in the *middle* of whose genealogical tree the name of Adam is to be found; but all these, if not of the apocryphal order, would be reckoned by the Pyrrhonists as belonging to the times of "pre-historic man," just as Niebuhr pronounces everything in Egyptian history, previous to the time of the eighteenth dynasty, and in Roman history previous to the Gallic invasion, to be of the

mythical order. Descent from the Plantagenets is of a different order, and we frankly avow our pride in being able to claim affinity to the great houses of both "York and Lancaster;" our grandpapa, of Gloucester, having been employed in the honourable mission of suppressing the insurrection, in Essex, of one Jack Straw, towards the close of the fourteenth century, and eventually paying the forfeit of his life, being "strangled with a towel about his neck," according to Froissart, by command of his graceless nephew, Richard II. But, that we may not boast too much, Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," relates that one Joseph Smart, a butcher, of Hales Owen, where it was our lot to live many years ago, is equally descended from the noble race of the Plantagenets, and is legally entitled to the royal arms. We have a faint recollection of our cousin of the shambles.

Ireland, if less ancient than Scotland, according to the teaching of the last-men-

tioned epitaph, has far higher fame, though of another sort. It is generally regarded as the land of bulls, which can only be accounted for by the passionate fondness, on the part of so large a portion of her population, for a certain fair lady in Italy, whose correspondence with her numerous lovers is carried on by means of what are called *bulls*. But we have great doubts whether any tomb in Ireland contains such palpable evidence of these taurine propensities as an epitaph to be seen in Tavistock churchyard, a small borough in Devonshire, which is noted, as the *Times* contends, for its "mild and misty air:"—

> "*Under* this stone lies *three* children dear,
> *Two* be buried at Tawton, and the other here."

We have already noticed a brief but expressive epitaph from Oxford, and we must not omit the sister University of Cambridge. St. Andrew's Church, belonging to the latter,

contains one of the most *cutting*, although at the same time one of the most *angelic*, specimens of lithography we have ever met with. It reads as follows:—

"An Angel beckoned, and her Spirit flew;
But, oh! her *last look it cut our souls in two.*"*

The power of the eye is proverbial, and optical science has suggested, with consummate skill, that the retina of a murdered person should always be examined, as if viewed in due time, it would perform the duty of an efficient detective; but we never knew it had pretensions to the art of psychotomy, as the above epitaph so clearly implies.

The well-known epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, the builder of Blenheim and other weighty erections—

"Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee"—

* Compare "the look" which the old Zuluander gave Bishop Colenso, as described at Chapter IV., p. 181.

is rather a poor attempt at a joke for so grave a subject. Moreover, it is the exact converse of the following; for if Sir John's weight was so manifest *above* ground, the hero to whom the next inscription belongs must have been no less so *below* ground. The churchyard of Stamford tells the following heavy tale:—

"In remembrance of that prodigy of nature,

DANIEL LAMBERT,

a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness had no competitor. He measured 3 Feet 1 inch round the leg; 9 Feet 4 inches round the body, and weighed 52 Stone 11 lb. He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends at Leicester."

His enormous bulk, so faithfully described in the above epitaph, suggested the witty lines whereby the modern "Pindar" tuned his lyre in honour of the illustrious deceased:—

"Daniel! thou fattest of all men,
If thou hadst been in the lions' den,
Had they inclined to dine and sup,
They never could have eat thee up!"

It behoves us now to draw our remarks on the "End of Man" to a close; and in so doing we may appropriately quote an epitaph inscribed on a tomb in the good town of Ipswich; for not only does it convey a better moral to all persons on earth, whether rich or poor, young or old, high or low, Jew or Gentile, Christian or Pagan—to men of all classes and all climes, whether viewed as Pyrrhonists, Necromancers, Allegorists, Orators, or cultivators of flowing Beards—than most of the foregoing specimens of grave-yard poetry which we have given at length; but it contains such excellent advice that we cannot do better, in concluding our humble work in general, and this chapter in particular, than ask our readers to "read, mark, learn, and

inwardly digest" it, for their benefit in time and eternity:—

"I *Warner* once was to myself,
Now *Warning* am to thee,
Both living, dying, dead I was;
See, then, thou *Warned* be."

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